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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE remaking of Europe, and of a good deal of the rest of the world, is at hand. That is why Russia and Poland are quarrelling. That is why De Gaulle and Giraud find it hard to come to terms. That is why Finland can no longer evade the issue with the United States. That is why other Axis satellites are manoeuvering to find the easiest way of breaking their bonds. That, finally, is why Spain, though physically and morally exhausted and ruled by people who are under the gravest obligations to the Axis, is yet resisting all pressure to permit the use of territory which would be invaluable for the Axis defence.

The remaking of Europe is at hand, and every soul in Europe knows now that it will not be done by the Axis. It will be done by the United Nations, and it will be a painful, a bitter process. The sins of a generation of ultra-nationalistic territory-grabbers who have dominated a score of European countries ever since 1918 will be visited upon their succeeding generation. There is scarcely a country in Eastern Europe which can come to the peace table with clean hands.

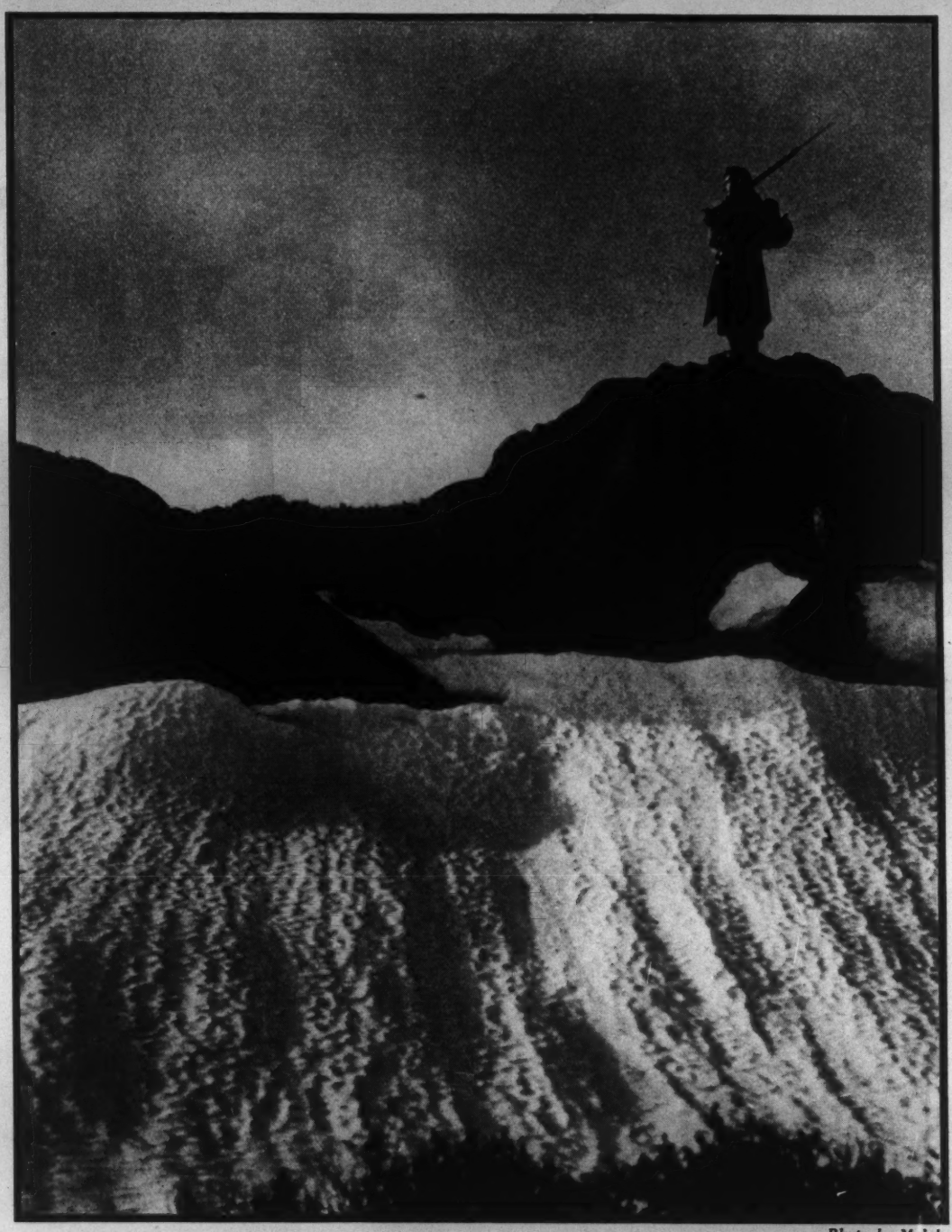
If the peacemakers confine themselves, as they almost wholly did in 1919, to redistributing the map of Europe, and then go away and leave the remodelled nations to settle their dissatisfactions among themselves, the peace will again be nothing more than a truce. There is no absolute principle of abstract justice upon which Europe can be redistributed, least of all the principle of trying to protect every property-owner from undergoing the rigors of the communistic system. What is chiefly needed is a supra-national authority which will prevent warlike preparations and diminish the importance of national boundaries by prohibiting their use as obstacles to the free movement of goods and human beings. We have promised the peoples of Europe freedom from want and freedom from fear; we have not promised them freedom to make economic and military wars upon one-another whenever they feel like it.

What is important is not so much the question whether the district of X is going to be part of Poland until Russia can take it away from Poland, or of Russia until Poland can take it away from Russia. What is important is that whether it is assigned to Poland or to Russia it should stay with Poland or Russia, not until taken away by force, but until reassigned by a supra-national authority in deference to the clear wishes of its population. And what is even more important is that the economic and cultural life of Europe should be so supervised that it will not greatly matter whether the district of X is in Poland or in Russia—that in either event it shall be able to trade freely with its neighbors and to maintain the kind of culture that its people desire.

Freedom to be Offensive

IT IS possible, thank God, to approve of England while disliking Englishmen. So also it is possible to like Americans while disapproving of the United States. The impossibilities begin to obtrude themselves when we are asked to abate our dislikes and misunderstandings. For the moment there is only one nation which has moulded all its citizens into the pattern of its government, and a devilish pattern it is. Once upon a time we could like individual Germans, despite the Bismarcks and Hohenzollerns. It's not easy to-day.

The great thing about both Great Britain and the United States is the infinite variety of individual subjects of the *imperium*. A man owns himself and his opinions. He can cultivate his prejudices with enthusiasm; he may stimulate his dislikes. So a "buck private" in the American army may hate his top-sergeant as a person and love him as a symbol of his country. So a private in the Hampshires sweating out his soul in North Africa can grouse himself blue about the regimental adjutant and then fight an outsider who says a word against the regiment.



—Photo by Malak.

A CANADIAN SOLDIER ON SENTRY DUTY IN NEWFOUNDLAND. WITH UNITED STATES TROOPS, OUR MEN HAVE MADE OF THE ISLAND A MODERN FORTRESS.
(See pages four and five for picture story.)

Day of Compassion

TOMORROW, May 2, has been set aside by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America as a "day of compassion for the Jews." We are so convinced of the good intent of the authors of this idea that we hesitate to comment upon its appalling irony. Here are some millions of human beings, made in God's image, or at least as near to it, surely, as Hitler and Goebbels, who are being systematically murdered by means which a humane people would not tolerate for use upon animals; and all that we in this favored hemisphere feel that we can do about it is to devote a day, one single day, to feeling sorry for them!

The thing that we in Canada ought to be doing, and the only thing that would give us the right to respect ourselves, is taking every conceivable step, compatible with our chances of ultimate victory in the war, for the rescue of as many as possible of these victims from the hand of the murderer. Everything that we could do and fail to do to that end is simply so much more added to our guilt as accessories to the murder. There are hundreds of thousands of Jews in Europe who could still be rescued from the Gestapo, if any nation on the face of the earth were willing to guarantee them sanctuary. We have no right to ask any other nation to do that unless we are willing to do it ourselves; and as every Canadian knows, we are not willing. Our immigration laws are a part of the wall which encloses these wretched victims, which they cannot break through nor climb over, and against which they will ultimately be shot or clubbed to death by the disciples of "Mein Kampf."

The argument that Canada would be swamped with Jews if we admitted those who are now in the power of the Axis is one that defeats its own ends. For we are condemning to death every Jew in Axis hands whom we refuse to admit—and many thousands more who would be admitted to other lands if we led the way. It therefore becomes a question of nothing more than this: Is it better for Canada that, let us say, a hundred thousand Jews should enter the country, or that those same hundred thousand Jews should die because we kept them out? The answer perhaps depends to some extent on whether we believe that God judges the nations of the earth—Canada included.

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Russia and Poland

See Willson Woodside's War Review, page 12

Health Campaign

THROUGH the initiative and energy of the Health League of Canada a campaign begins this week to provide detailed information to all industrial executives on the organization and management of a health program in factories. Since the general physical condition of employees is an important factor in the success or failure of any business, much has been done in recent years in providing wholesome working conditions, particularly in lighting and ventilation. But malnutrition is as dangerous as poor light and stagnant air.

Here is a plan for the setting-up of a cafeteria, or of a luncheon-bar, so that good food, properly prepared, may be available to employees. The cost-factor, as worked out in a score of modern factories, is not a handicap, since there is an actual money saving in keeping the workers healthy.

Similarly medical preventive work, and the presence of a competent doctor and nurse in the plant, constantly repay the outlay.

The material for setting these plans before both labor and management is well-designed and should stimulate co-operation.

Col. Drew's Position

ELSEWHERE in this issue we print a letter from Mr. Leslie M. Frost, K.C., of Lindsay, Ont., Conservative member of the Legislature for Victoria, and one of the most active—and progressive—promoters of the recent reorganization of the party. Mr. Frost appears to assume, because we questioned the right of Col. Drew and the Conservative members generally to object to the extension of the Legislature in 1943 on the ground that they failed to object to it in 1942, that we ourselves have no objection to the 1943 extension. In this he is entirely in error; we have the strongest objection to that extension, and to the policy of the Liberal party in enacting it. There is, however, a strong belief in well-informed circles that the Liberal Government will make no use of the extension, and will advise the Lieutenant Governor to dissolve the Legislature within the term assigned to it by the 1942 extension—to which Mr. Frost does not object. Until we see whether the Government avails itself of the second extension or not, it seems somewhat futile to denounce it for merely taking power to do so. We freely concede that the Government should have withdrawn the extension bill as soon as it became evident that it could not

(Continued on Page Three)

Herr Doktor Goebbels has a plan-

Germany knows by now that she can't win the war! But Dr. Goebbels has a plan that *might* win the peace . . . .

If we can be made *too* confident . . . if our will for a *total* victory can be destroyed . . . if we can be persuaded to slacken the final, decisive effort . . .

Then we might agree to another Armistice. Then Germany might win the peace, as she did once before. And start to plan for still another war!

But we know your plan, Herr Doktor Goebbels. And we're not falling for it! Our boys are going to swarm across those narrow waters. Our generals are planning now the best way to pound through your fortifications . . .

Yes, our boys are going to keep on attacking, till the United Nations march into Berlin, till your whole vicious system is smashed and finished, once and for all.

We at home are right behind them! We know it won't be easy. We know it means still more self-denial for every one of us. But we're not letting up. Right now we're investing more in Victory Bonds than ever before!

Yes, every one of us. No one can stand aside. *Because every one of us is determined to help smash you, Doktor Goebbels—and everything you stand for!* That's *our* plan!

Be proud to wear your IV button. It says that you have done your bit—inspires others to do theirs.

Published by Saturday Night in the interests of Victory

Back the Attack — Buy MORE Victory Bonds!

THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

obtain unanimous consent; but its error in passing it will be considerably condoned if it abstains from taking advantage of it.

To Mr. Frost's charge that we failed in 1942 to protest against the extension measure enacted in that year, and which we now claim that Col. Drew should have protested against, we have to plead guilty. We can at least claim that we gave no support to the idea of that extension, merely accepting it as one of the necessary evils of wartime. The dangers inherent in the practice of self-extension by a Legislature were not so apparent to us then as they are now. We did however remind both Mr. Hepburn and Col. Drew often enough that the unanimity of their Legislature, upon which Mr. Frost and Col. Drew now lay such stress, was procured only by keeping six or seven constituencies disfranchised, and that some at least of these constituencies would almost certainly have returned members who would have supported a third party, up to now unrepresented, and would have refused to vote for the extension. We think we may claim to have been to some extent misled by the vigor with which Mr. Hepburn and Col. Drew maintained (in 1942) that there was no public demand for an election; at the time that sounded to us like a plausible reason for not having one, but we are now convinced that it has nothing to do with the case.

NOW YOU ARE GONE

NOW you are gone, and I shall lose you slowly
As women lose the men who march to war;
If you return, the man will not be wholly
The warm, insouciant lad you were before;
You shall have then become a part of all
The nameless heights and conflicts you have known,
Your eyes will often veil the incessant call
Of memories possessed by you alone.

And I, attuned by loneliness and pain
To separation, may not quickly find
Alleviation in your touch, but fain
Would walk the hidden highway of your mind.
For only in such oneness can the heart
Surmount the hazards of the years apart.

CLARA BERNHARDT

The 1942 Situation

WE CONFESS that we are not at all impressed with Mr. Frost's argument that in 1942 the Hepburn Government "had received overwhelming support from the people," while in 1943 "there is no evidence that any leader they (the Liberals) may choose possesses the confidence of the electors." The Hepburn Government certainly received overwhelming support from the people on October 6, 1937, but that is no proof that it enjoyed any such support in 1942. It had for several years been undergoing the process of disintegration of which the retirement of its Premier was merely the final evidence, and during those years it had never dared to submit itself to the judgment of the electors in a by-election in spite of the existence of numerous vacancies. Incidentally, at the time when Mr. Hepburn received this "overwhelming support" the Conservative party had not even the advantage of Col. Drew's leadership; must we assume that by 1942 three years of that leadership had done nothing to undermine the Liberal position?

We do not think that the Liberal party should have extended the life of the Legislature either in 1942 and or in 1943. We do not think Col. Drew should have helped it to do so in 1942, and we are sorry that we did not tell him so with greater vigor at the time. We do not think the Liberal party will dare to take advantage of the extension of 1943. But if it does, we do not think Col. Drew can expect to cash in on all of the prestige which will accrue to those who opposed its taking power to do so. Much of that prestige will go to the party which, having no representatives in the Legislature in either 1942 or 1943, has consistently demanded that the Government should either re-enfranchise the constituencies which it is keeping unrepresented — a step which would have destroyed the unanimity of 1942—or else hold a general election.

SATURDAY NIGHT

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FLAME THAT WON'T BLOW OUT

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And When We Spend It

IF ANY of our readers are wondering what they will do with their savings when the time comes to "unsave" them—which of course will not be until some time after Herr Hitler has been disposed of,—we commend to them a piece of information which we derive from Mr. Shapiro, our correspondent with the Canadian troops in England. Mr. Shapiro has been inquiring of experts in that country concerning the future of commercial aviation, and he assures us that, provided there is no inflation, it ought to be perfectly possible to fly from Canada to England in sixteen hours for about a hundred dollars. This opens up possibilities such as were hardly dreamed of before the war. The Canadian with a fortnight's vacation and a little money saved up will be able to spend that vacation and that money in Europe as easily and with as much return in comfort and sightseeing as he used to get from a trip to New York and Atlantic City.

In our issue of last week Mr. Dyson Carter discussed the automobile of the postwar, and gave us to understand that the improvements of the past decade will be far outdistanced in every respect except high speed, which was pursued by the designers of that period at the cost of all other considerations, including human safety. In almost every issue for months past there have been indications of coming revolutionary changes in the design and equipment of both the individual habitation and the arrangement of habitations to form a community. We have learned so much about the economies of controlled mass production in this war that we ought to be able to produce nearly everything that we need at a far lower cost in both labor and mechanical power. (Distribution remains a problem which the war has not helped us to solve.) But the conclusion of the whole matter is that a hundred dollars, or a thousand dollars, is likely to be able to procure us a lot more satisfaction in 1946 than it could possibly do today. So put it into a bond for the present.

A Fantastic Nation

IN THE year 1901 slightly more than one-fifth of all the persons still living who had been born in Canada were resident, not in Canada, but in the United States. This, which we should judge to be a unique condition in the history of the world for two countries whose boundaries have not been materially altered in the recent past, was for Canada and the United States merely the most extreme stage of a condition which has been fairly general for a century. By 1931 the proportion of the Canadian-born who were living in the United States had diminished to slightly less than one-seventh. In 1901 nearly one-third of the expatriated Canadian natives were of French origin, but since that year the proportion of French, and indeed even the total number of French, has diminished, while the number of non-French Canadians in the United States has continued to rise, so that in 1931 the French formed less than 30 per cent of the expatriates and the non-French (mostly of Anglo-Saxon origin) were over 70 per cent. The 1931 figures were 1,278,421 native Canadians in the United States, of whom 907,569 were non-French. Compared with these figures the American-born in Canada, 344,574 in 1931, are a mere drop in the other bucket.

This astounding situation, which has a bearing upon the national character and attitudes which cannot easily be over-estimated, is not a matter of recent discovery, but it has never been systematically brought to the attention of Canadians in a scientific study. That task has now been performed by the latest volume in the "Relations" series of the Carnegie Endowment —"The Canadian Born in the United States," by Leon E. Truesdell (Ryerson Press, $4.25), which is almost wholly an analysis of census figures. The amount of information which the American census has tabulated about these expatriates is almost incredible. We may learn, for example, that 8.8 per cent of the French-Canadian born were unable to speak English, but only half of 1 per cent of the second generation (American born of French-Canadian stock) suffered from that disability. We may learn that in 1910 (no occupation census seems to have been taken since then) there were 549 Canadian born authors, editors and reporters in the U.S., 2,908 clergymen and 334 undertakers. We may learn that the French Canadians are less often naturalized than the English Canadians, and both much less than the average foreign-born; from which we may conclude that they reserve the hope of returning. The author of this volume draws very few conclusions, but the reader is likely to draw many.

THE PASSING SHOW

THE cost-of-living index is the subject of many cross references these days.

•

We are disappointed about the Canadian tunnelling company at Gibraltar. It has quit without tunnelling through to Berlin.

•

Marriages showed an increase in Quebec last year, but that is before deducting Mr. Justice Forest's dissolutions.

•

The United States soup mix industry has expanded from $300,000 output in 1939 to 40 millions in 1943, and this does not include the soup that is being mixed to put Germany and Japan in.

•

Gems from Hansard

Mr. Coldwell: "I should like to know just what the Senate does. Someone sent me tonight the minutes from the Other Place for April 17, seven blank pages. It seems a waste of paper."

Mr. Cruickshank: "What about the divorces? They work hard."

•

Labor seems cold towards wage-freezing.

•

Cardinal Macrory of Ireland has concluded that the war will not end until one side wins "or each side thinks or fears that it cannot win." Too bad that neutrality prevents the Cardinal from helping to persuade Germany to think or fear that she cannot win.

•

The New Note

The ads now say: "Old things are good and
really ought to do one,
So don't be foolish, save your dough, and never
mind a new one."
But when the war is finished off and they've got
things to sell me
I know darned well the ads will have a different
yarn to tell me.
And I know too that I'll forget how happy and
contented
I've been, and rush right out and buy whatever's been invented.

NICK

•

At a New York conference, psychologists were told that one of the characteristics of the post-1929 era was "the discrediting of the business man as the prophet of our civilization." We don't mind that a bit, but we hope it won't extend to the discrediting of him as a business man.

•

A. A. Berle thinks there may be a shortage of working capital after the war. Others predict a shortage of working labor.

•

An expert in trends says that the dining-room is on its way out. Where are we going to play ping-pong?

•

It is predicted that after the war nobody on this continent will have an income of more than $25,000. If that is so, people with incomes of less than $5000 are going to have to pay an awful lot of taxes.

•

The Man Hunters

(With a slight bow to Tennyson.)

The maidens call for rout and ball
That they may hear the old, old story
From Second Loots., in army boots
Lured to a dim conservatory.
Blow, soldiers, blow. Set the young ladies
sighing.
Blow, soldiers, blow. Tell them how well you're
flying.

O hark, O hear, how thin and clear,
The pretty maiden's foxy answer.
Oh, soft and sweet, oh, cool and neat,
To every Bobadil Drawcansir.
Blow, soldier, blow. Thus Cupid may be paged.
One fervent kiss; and you will be engaged.

O boy, they do play tricks with you!
How artful is their work and clever!
Despite your cares, their gins and snares
Hold you forever and forever.
Blow, soldier, blow. Stick out your chest like
sin.
And you will gain another next-of-kin.

J. E. M.

•

Complaints that the Tokio atrocities should have been announced earlier overlook the fact that this is the first time since they happened that the U.S. and Canada are both putting on bond campaigns.

•

So far as any signs of activity from Vichy are concerned, Marshal Petain might as well be on a sit-down strike.

An "Island Fortress Mid-Way to Britain" . . .

Newfoundland, strategic Atlantic fortress, stands guard over approaches to Canada by sea and air. Her rugged coastline bristles with big guns.

Here are some of the men who man the coastal guns. Emplacements of concrete protect them from attack by air.

By Eaton Maxwell

IT is no secret to anyone who cares to look at a map—and who remembers that the ports of Eire have not been open to Allied warships—that Newfoundland must have become a strategic Atlantic fortress standing guard with air and sea power over the approaches to north-eastern America, midway to Britain. When the full story of the Battle of the Atlantic comes to be written, that story will in large part also be the story of the rise of this cove-filled island, oldest segment of the British Empire.

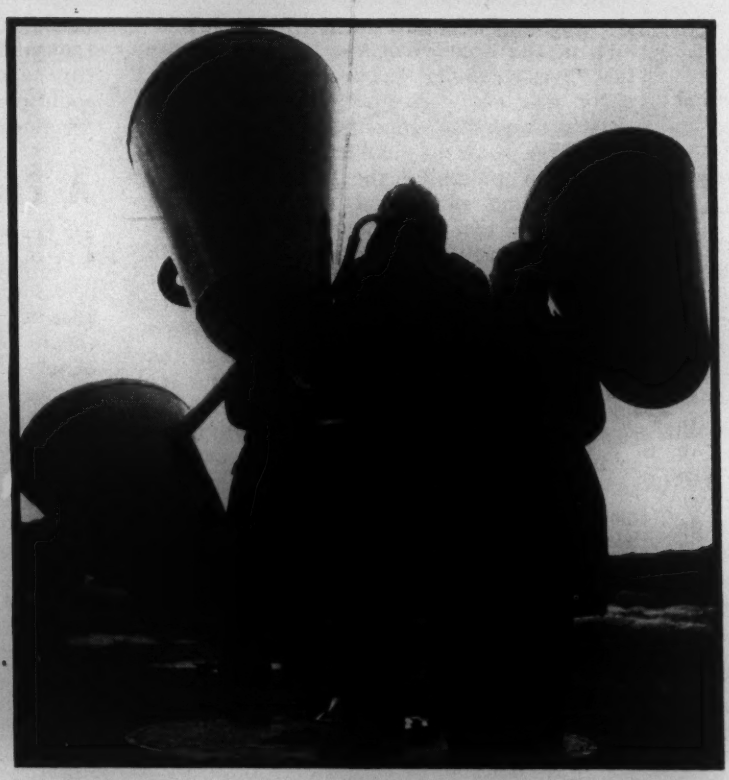
For in that Atlantic battle, day in and day out, in the heavy mist of a coastal fog or in the mountainous waves of a north Atlantic sea, corvettes, destroyers and planes search out the submarine and bring long lines of loaded merchantmen to the safety of a dozen Atlantic ports. And into that battle Newfoundland fits with snug strength, the last intricately carved piece of a great defensive jig-saw that protects the Atlantic sea lanes from the North Sea to the St. Lawrence. For upon these sea lanes, to Britain and to Russia, depend the great fronts now established from Leningrad to Kharkov, from Kharkov to the Crimea, as well as the air front over Germany where bombs and planes made in North America strike at the supply centres of German power.

There are two Newfoundlands. There is the unchanging Newfoundland of yesterday and today, the rugged, challenging wilderness of a miniature continent. Four thousand miles of steep-cliffed coastline are beaten by the sea while behind and above are endless acres of marsh, bog, rivers and rock. Three hundred thousand people, almost half of whom earn their living from fish, have their homes and their roots mostly in a thousand coves and inlets full round the Island.

Only two or three communities hold a population large enough to be called a town and the organized life of the Island for something like a century or more, has centred in and about the city of St. John's.

Into this outpost of Britain, in 1940, came the soldiers and the workers of the United States and Canada, to build bases, to man ships and to fly planes. In a year there was a new Newfoundland; there was a fresh emphasis on an ancient strategic position. And it is that Newfoundland that today fits so neatly and importantly into the whole scheme of At-

Coastal gunners receiving instruction in the workings of their gun. The subject of the day's lecture is the breech-block, here shown dismantled.



The ears of defence. Sound detectors like these are a vital part of Newfoundland's anti-aircraft batteries.

Ready for hostile planes. Above, the crew of an anti-aircraft gun "lays on" the target.

Canadian troops find the hospitality of friendly villagers a relief from monotony.

. . . Newfoundland Is Vital to Allied Defence

Pictures by Malak

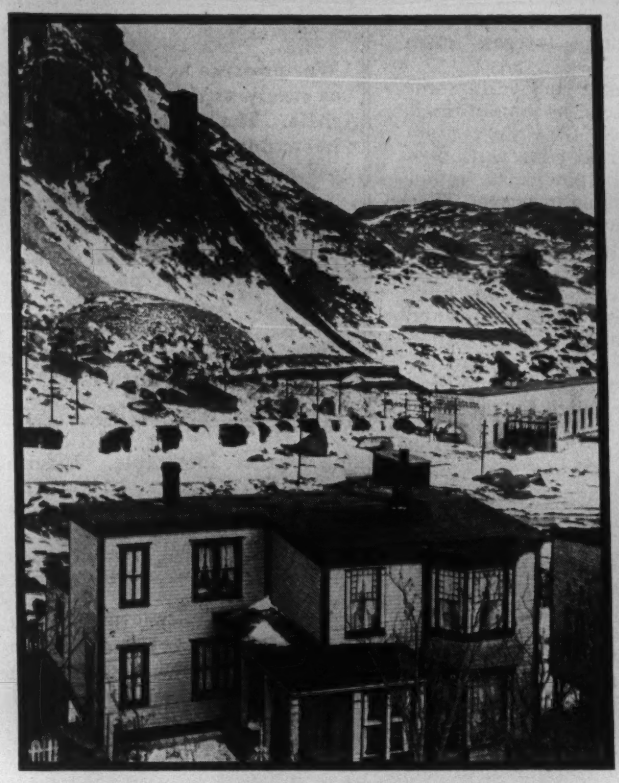
lantic action. But it is a Newfoundland that can only be understood as part of an experience in a convoy at sea, or through a visit to the great bases from which the sky patrols make their flights through the cold air of northern waters.

At half a dozen points throughout the island, almost overnight engineers have taken a wilderness and built runways and hangars, hospitals and canteens, barracks and workshops. Small cities live and throb with work and war duties where only deer or rabbit moved a short while before in undisturbed isolation. And here flying boat and bomber now wait their orders.

It is not possible yet to talk of all stations in Newfoundland for some of these are under the jurisdiction of the United States. But Canadians and Americans, together, in the short space of two years have refashioned the ways of Newfoundland and made over miles of relatively useless wasteland into Atlantic outposts, defending the supply routes to the "second front" of tomorrow. For the problem of that second front clearly is one of supply, since by now it almost can be assumed that there are enough trained men among the United Nations to create a substantial diversion somewhere in western Europe. That supply problem means ships and those ships mean convoys —and convoys mean escorts by sea and by air.

NEWFOUNDLAND is full of paradoxes for the many khaki-clad Canadian soldiers now stationed at crucial points along the high-cliffed, wave-beaten coast and deep in the interior where strategy demands protection. The snow stays long in the Island and when it goes, summer comes swiftly, only to fade again before August has been put behind. The Island is in the midst of battle and from troopers on skiis, to coast artillery, to the duty officer in a remote shack far from his fellows, everyone is on the alert.

The gray monotony of countryside and the daily grind of duties are relieved by the Irish friendliness of many of Newfoundland's scattered villagers. They are a kindly, sensitive people, perhaps suspicious of strangers at first but warming to them later if given half a chance, and it is among them that Canadian airmen and Canadian troops are carrying out orders and, together, making Newfoundland an island fortress midway to Europe.

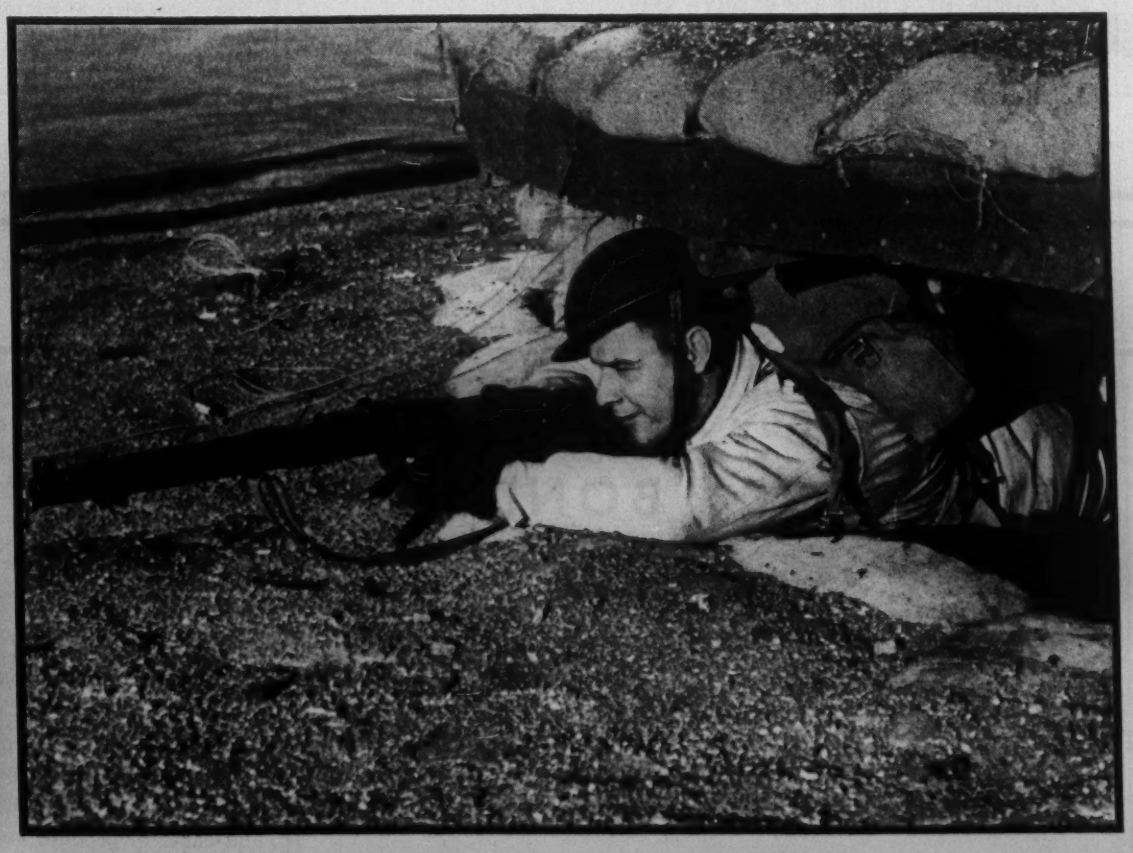


In Newfoundland today, small cities throb with work where only deer and rabbit roamed before.

Newfoundland: "four thousand miles of steep-cliffed coast . . . marsh, river and rock". Oldest segment of Empire, today it has an integral part in the Battle of the Atlantic.

In Newfoundland "the snow stays long . . . when it goes, summer comes swiftly, only to fade again before August has been put behind." Because of this, the Island is an unusually suitable location for the training of ski-troops. The pictures above show ski troopers on manoeuvres.

Duty officer on night shift sleeps in full uniform beside a battery of telephones.



On Newfoundland's stony beaches Canadian infantry guard against possible enemy invasion.

How the War is Changing Britain for the Better

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

War-pressure against the British social structure is creating a revolution as surely as if it were being brought about by the fiery misery of civil strife. The eminent British scientist surveys in this article what has been done of necessity, what, by isolated experiments not yet co-ordinated, and shows the need for experiment in untouched fields.

So a general plan for the post-war England is making progress by a sort of trial-and-error. The food policy and hospital services can carry-over almost as they are. Wages, services and the use of leisure need co-ordination. A policy for national health and housing is yet to be evolved.

Danger lies from the Men in a Hurry, and from the ironclad conservative minds, and some means must be found to uproot prejudices —both Right and Left.

TWO years ago . . . world opinion was impressed by the fact that we in Britain, standing alone against the triumphant Axis, and bearing the full weight of Hitler's pounding from the air, should have the stomach to hope and plan for a better future. Today we feel that the time has come to take stock of what has actually been achieved in transforming Britain for the better during the 43 months of war. . . .

In some cases what has happened during the war has already taken us a long way toward a real working plan for peacetime. This is so, for instance, with our wartime food policy. Again, the queer hotchpotch of our hospital services has been rationalized and unified into a system which only needs a little adjustment to carry over into peacetime.

There are also planned controls where the question arises whether they ought to be carried over into peacetime, or if they might not be regarded merely as unfortunate wartime necessities. For instance, many sincere people believe that the far-reaching government control of production and of transport could and should be abolished as soon as possible after the war ends. But the general opinion is that considerable regulation in the public interest must continue.

Similarly, national service in some form will doubtless be maintained, though no one feels that the present drastic and universal conscription of man and woman power is either necessary or desirable in peace. Then there are fields where no real overall plan has been produced, but where a number of separate steps, mostly tending in the same direction, have been taken. This is so with wages and working conditions, for instance, where in spite of many separate improvements, there is as yet no sign of a planned wage policy for the country as a whole.

Use of Leisure

Similarly, with regard to the use of leisure. Valuable results have been achieved—by the Council for Encouragement of Music and Art with the arts; by the Army Education Corps in adult education; by the Army Bureau of Current Affairs and other discussion groups; by the Entertainment National Service Association in providing entertainment; by the Ministry of Information with its films; by the new technique of public relations which many Government departments have developed; by the BBC in a number of ways. But each step is separate; there is no plan yet envisaging a truly national culture as its goal.

Different again are the fields where little or nothing concrete has been done, usually owing to technical wartime difficulties, but where there has been real advance toward a plan. Physical planning is the best example of this. The destruction caused by Goering's bombers has aroused the nation's feeling over this matter: people are not going to tolerate a return to ugly, dirty, inconvenient cities, let alone to slums. Meanwhile, however, the basis for action has been laid, in the shape of the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports. It only remains now for the Government to grasp the nettle and to set up a central planning authority with the right powers and sufficient money.

In medicine, the process has not gone so far; but though there are no official reports, the medical profession is busy on far-reaching plans for adjusting the old system of private practice to the needs of an increasingly socialized world.

Reform in Education has lagged in practice on account of the difficulties caused by evacuation and understaffing. But at least there is a fair general agreement on the educational needs of post-war England.

In the field of social security, not only have various quite important practical steps been taken during the war, but also a complete plan has been prepared, in the shape of the Beveridge Report. . . .

Piecemeal Work

These various advances, taken together constitute a legitimate source of pride. But they have been made piecemeal, over a period of more than three years, so that it is difficult to see the transformation as a whole. In order to do this properly, we must look at it against a larger background both of space and time. Then we shall see it for what it really is—as part of a world revolution, of which the war itself is but a symptom. I use the word *revolution*, not in the narrow meaning of violent and bloody upheaval, but in the broader sense of a radical transformation of human life.

The revolution through which all of us are now living we may call the Planning Revolution. It is an adaptation to the breakdown of the laissez-faire system of private enterprise and economic individualism, in which the free play of impersonal economic forces was supposed to bring about the most rapid progress. Experience, however, showed that it did not.

The whole world system brought into being by the Industrial Revolution became increasingly unworkable, and came to produce ever more mistrust and frustration. A new revolution became inevitable. Inevitably its main aim had to be control by man of the blind economic forces in whose grip he was struggling, in place of the control of man by those same blind forces. And this means conscious planning.

Thus in one aspect the revolution has been merely technical—the rapid development of new social and economic machinery to meet the crisis caused by the breakdown of the old system. However, all machinery is morally neutral, and can be used either for good or bad ends. The revolution toward more and better planning is in itself neither good nor bad—it is merely inevitable. It will, however, be a good thing if we help it on its way; for if we resist it, we shall be delaying necessary reform, prolonging misery and frustration, and increasing the friction that is unavoidable in an upheaval of this magnitude, perhaps to the pitch where violence and bloodshed are the upshot. . . .

We in Britain have always wanted to stick to a democratic aim and democratic methods, and our experience of the appalling and apparently inevitable consequences of taking the fascist road have strengthened our determination to have nothing to do with that alternative.

Nature of Revolution

The form taken by the revolution can also differ in another way. It can be either sudden, violent and bloody, or else gradual, evolutionary and peaceful. Some quite sincere people believe that it would be better in the long run if we could make a clean sweep now and start afresh from a new level, even if this meant violence and bloodshed in the process. However, on the democratic principles above set forth, such a conclusion is wrong.

To put the matter from another angle, we should try to make the best use of what we have inherited from the past; proud of our history and tradition, neither rejecting it outright nor using it as a pretext to resist change, but anxious to build on it for the future. That has been the British way in most of our past revolutions: and we should continue using it.

Thus we should continue to use private enterprise where it is valuable, but adapt it to public needs by means of central control and regulation; we should not abolish the public schools, but use their traditions and their facilities as part of a new unified system of education. But we should scrap private interests when they hold up the public interest, as certain present rights of land ownership hold up the planned development of cities. So in the past we scrapped the slave-owners' right to hold other human beings as slaves.

In this light we can get a clearer picture of our wartime achievements, and ask ourselves which of them can be adapted to serve as a step, in that revolution of planning and of more total democracy which it is our high duty and privilege to speed on its way.

We can look at the opposition which the revolution is likely to encounter, for that too is part of the picture; and can arm ourselves against the danger of its being distorted into a fascist shape or made to take an anti-democratic direction.

Some of the dangers will come from those who want to go too fast. The apostles of violent revolution we have already dealt with. Then there are the utopians: they may bring the revolution into discredit by pressing for what is obviously not practical politics—such as a federated world state the day after tomorrow, or the immediate guarantee of a minimum income of £500 for everybody.

Enemies of Progress

The enemies of progress are already beginning to put out slogans designed to turn people away from the path of democratic revolution. They are raising the catchword of "freedom" as against the tyranny of "planning".

But the freedom they want is the old laissez-faire freedom, which meant freedom for certain people to make money, freedom for a great many others to be underpaid or unemployed, and freedom for competing interests to spoil our countryside and to create our slums. We can retort that the right kind of planning can increase both the quantity and quality of freedom available to the ordinary man. Another red herring is the appeal to *preserve national unity*, which turns out really to be an appeal to preserve the status quo.

However, if enough of us believe that the democratic revolution is the right path to follow, then national unity will be least disturbed by moving forward along that path, and not by refusing to budge.

Still another misleading slogan is that of patriotism or imperialism: we *must not neglect our own interests or forego our imperial destinies by committing ourselves to any international organization.* Such battle-cries are too often only the justification for selfish interests that like to hide behind the flag, or they conceal a disinclination to accept full responsibility in world affairs.

The Will for Reform

And then of course there is the Red bogy. Just now, this is less often paraded than it used to be; but it is likely to come back in full force after the war in an attempt to brand social reform as *dangerous communism.* This smoke-screen too can readily be dissipated. We can find much to admire and to learn from Russian communism, but we believe that it is unsuited to Britain: both the ends and the means that we envisage are different.

And so to conclude. We must school ourselves to understand the nature of the revolution through which the world is now passing, and its possibilities for good or evil. Only so can we convert reform from the mere patching up of an outworn system into the creation of a new and better system; only so can we link up a series of unrelated expedients into a whole inspired by a single purpose.

The revolution in which we happen to live is one of the great events of world history. We have the privilege of being able, if we will, to help history on its way, and the still greater privilege of being able to guide its course along right lines.

If we truly understand the significance of the democratic revolution, we shall be better able to achieve it; and the advances that this country has already made during the war will appear as a mere instalment of what is to come. We have a banner under which to enlist, and a sense of mission for ourselves and our country.

"THE BEST IS YET TO BE"

—*Browning*

THE time has come for every living soul in Canada to express his confidence in the future—*and to underwrite it.*

Canada has met wars, epidemics, panics, economic depressions and after each trial has emerged stronger than ever.

The people of the United Nations have enough brains and goodwill, enough energy, courage and determination to win not only victory in war but also to solve the problems of the peace to follow.

The march of progress has not been stopped—has not been turned back. The progressive nations of the world, the nations determined to go forward, have now come together. Together they oppose the nations that have elected to go back, dragging the rest of the world with them to brutality and bloodshed.

The Allies are being proved and welded in the fires of war. Out of the darkness of recent perils, they have raised their eyes to the bright light of a new world in which they have resolved there shall be freedom for all, freedom from want, from fear, and freedom of speech and of worship.

Yes, there is every reason to express confidence in the future . . . confidence that "the best is yet to be." But, to realize this victorious world, requires the total effort of every living soul. Buy Victory Bonds . . . .

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

U.S. Gets Tough With Labor, But Canada --?

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

COMPARISONS may be odious, but sometimes they may be interesting and instructive as well. Until recently one of the grounds on which Ottawa's failure to be firm in the wartime control of labor relations could be and was excused was the conciliatory attitude of the Washington administration towards organized labor. Canada, it was reasoned, could not well depart very far from the pattern set by the big neighbor. But this excuse no longer holds. In witness whereof consider the contrast between President Roosevelt's current way of ending a strike in war industry and that of Prime Minister King in the last case in which he personally intervened.

The President last Saturday told union bosses, including John L. Lewis himself, of some 13,000 strikers of the Celanese Corporation of America that their strike was in clear violation of labor's no-strike pledge and "as commander-in-chief of the army and navy" he directed them to have the strikers return to work immediately. He warned them that if the direction was not complied with by a Monday deadline the government would take action to protect the interests of the nation at war. Before the day was over the union bosses had obeyed the order and the strikers had voted unanimously to return to work several hours before the deadline.

Three months ago the Prime Minister succeeded in ending the unlawful strike of some 13,000 steel workers by granting them the concession of breaking the government's own wage ceiling order in their favor and of removing Labor Minister Mitchell from the chairmanship of War Labor Board. To that action is widely attributed the current wave of strikes and threatened strikes in war industry—last week the Labor Department was dealing with nearly a dozen demands for votes to determine union recognition and for wage increases in disregard of the ceiling. Both the celanese strike in the U.S. and the steel strike in Canada were in defiance of findings of War Labor Boards.

Foreman Was Booed

But the case for firmness doesn't seem to stop with the control of organized labor. According to the daily press, in the Ford strike at Windsor, involving war production almost entirely, the company, apparently with an air of righteousness, explained that 3,000 workers in one unit of the plant had been twice expelled from the premises because a foreman had been booed. It is a little difficult for the outsider to recognize in the booing of a foreman a sufficient reason for stopping the war production of 3,000 workers. And according to a union spokesman the sit-down strike of 12,000 workers in the main unit of the plant was occasioned by the management's insistence on one man doing a heavy operation that had previously been done by two, this insistence continuing after one man had been injured in an unsuccessful attempt to perform the task.

The outsider might feel that a very suitable medium for settling such difficulties as these would be a management worker committee such as Mr. Elliott Little, former manpower director, so strongly recommended to employers of labor. In any case, Chairman McTague of NWLB stated at the opening of his public inquiry into labor relations that while his board deplored disturbed labor conditions, especially when they retarded war production, it was mindful that there might be conditions in respect either of existing relations or of the effect of labor legislation or its administration which contributed to and sometimes perhaps created unrest which resulted in strike action. He doesn't wear blinkers, this McTague.

Ottawa has not seen much of such clashes of authority, rivalries and jealousies, between war control bosses as have characterized Washington's control machinery ever since the first unit of it was set up. There was of course the famous case of Mr. Little versus Minister Mitchell and his permanent departmental officers. And there have been some cases of rivalry between directors of this and that in Minister Howe's Munitions and Supply Department, but they were of the office politics variety and were kept decently from the public gaze. The one sustained case of jurisdictional conflict between top men is that between Farm Minister Gardiner and Price Control Chief Donald Gordon which began about a year ago over Gordon's meat price ceilings which controlled the prices for cattle to the primary producer. Mr. Ilsley, as the minister responsible for the price control administration, has sought from time to time to represent this conflict as having been exaggerated, but it has been by no means imaginary. And it is not at an end. Mr. Gardiner has won nearly every round, but Mr. Gordon has not thrown in the towel.

Gordon's Strategy

Just now, with his price ceiling structure being buffeted at every corner, there is some indication that he may seek to strengthen his position against Gardiner's new powers —transferred from Gordon's own field of authority—as dictator of prices and subsidies to primary producers of food products. If we are not mistaken in our reading of the signs, his strategy will be to bring business into a kind of defensive alliance with him as a counter to Gardiner's farmer backing. This would be done by easing the profits squeeze all down the line without relaxing the consumer ceilings. Retailers and wholesalers would be allowed a not too close fixed mark-up on their cost prices, and processors and manufacturers would be subsidized in any amount necessary to permit them to operate under the retail ceilings. One of the signs is a reorganization of his administration in a way which emphasizes the authority of a distribution coordination division headed by Robert Chisholm, one time wholesale administrator and more recently chief of the division that was to contract civilian industry in conjunction with the then extant Selective Service.

This plan of protection for Mr. Gordon and his ceilings might assuage the wounds of business somewhat but for the fly in the ointment. Supplies of goods on which the price squeeze can be eased are rapidly dwindling. So rapidly that an allocations system for consumer goods in short supply is being established. This, in addition to control of mark-ups, will be under Mr. Chisholm's division. Allocations to regions and to individual distributors in the regions will be on the basis of 1941 distribution. Those in close touch with the situation believe that most consumer goods will be in short supply before the last quarter of the year is reached.

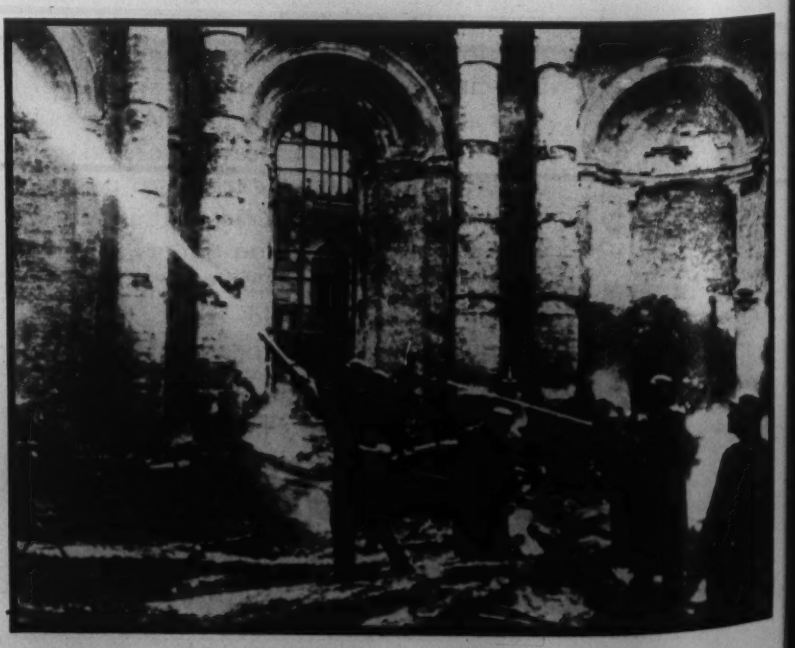
If this support fails to keep the ceilings from wobbling, then you may look for general consumer rationing. Some study is being given to the idea of a dollar-value rationing system. The consumer would be allowed maximum expenditures for different classifications of goods and would be free to spend the allowance as he pleased within the classifications. If he preferred pickles to canned corn within the classification of canned and bottled goods, neckties to socks within that of clothing, there would be no interference with his choice.

The Beer Shortage

Notwithstanding assurances from Chairman Gordon of the Ontario Liquor Control Board and from some spokesmen of the brewing industry that reduction in the alcoholic strength of beer is not in the picture, we feel it to be the responsibility of these Letters to warn that even such a calamity may be around the corner. It is under consideration here as a solvent for the uneasy situation arising out of the beer shortage which has resulted from the Prime Minister's decree cutting by 10% the amount of malt which may be used in the manufacture of beer, which reduction followed a restriction of the distribution of beer last fall. The reason it is being considered is the unceasing tide of protests from labor and other organizations about the beer shortage and the inability of the honest toiler to obtain his customary relaxation when his day's work is done. The proposal is to spread the total alcoholic content of the volume of beer allowed to be brewed and distributed under Mr. King's decree over a larger volume—the idea being to preserve the spirit and effect of the Prime Minister's decision by maintaining his restriction on the amount of alcohol to be consumed in beer while appeasing the beer thirsty in the matter of volume.

We are unable to say that the proposal will be carried through, because the decision rests with Mr. King and up until a few days ago this solution of the difficulty had not got as far as the East Block. The flood of protests may carry it there.

An alcoholic strength of 7% is what is being considered. The current strength of Canadian beers averages 8.5%—ranging from light lagers with 6.9% to one or two brands with limited sale having a content of 13%. American beers average around 6%.



Berlin gets it back: this picture, transmitted via neutral channels, shows German ARP workers fighting a cathedral fire set by RAF bombs.

The International Half-Track shown here is one of the many major war products built by International Harvester

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We're On The Offensive Now—with everything we've got.

We must carry the war to the enemy—over him, through him—until certain and complete Victory has been won for the United Nations.

You are asked to increase your purchases of Victory Bonds, in support of the Fourth Victory Loan campaign. What if it does mean doing without something? Do Canada's men at the fighting fronts put a price on *their* sacrifices? No, for they know there is one thing we must not do without . . . Victory!

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Canadian Engineers Routed the Alcan Highway

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

The Alcan Highway is a magnificent achievement. But contrary to the popular conception not only Americans but Canadians, too, helped build it. Canadian engineers and workmen worked in locating and putting through the road and Canadians who lived and worked in the North during the past years were able to make valuable suggestions as to the best route. This is a story of two Ontario men who ranked tops among those who made the road possible.

TOPS among Canadians who have played and are playing an important part in the dramatic construction of the Alcan Highway are R. A. N. Johnston, forester in charge of aerial surveys, Ontario Department of lands and forests and K. H. Siddall, chief location engineer of the Ontario department of highways.

Their work helped make the Alcan Highway the harbinger of a new future for Canada. And Canadians should know of their work in this connection, if for no other reason than to gain confidence in our own ability to continue and expand the great projects initiated with United States help during the war.

When Johnston and Siddal reached the future site of the highway at Fort St. John, B.C. on June 1, 1942, the road was still in its blue print stages. During the two previous months American soldiers, engineers and machinery poured into Edmonton and Fairbanks. The project was to be based on two military command zones: northern, based on Fairbanks, and southern, based on Ft. St. John.

The Ontario men were given the southern sector for their field of operations.

The whole American Task Force was made up of youngsters, many of whom had never had a job that amounted to anything. Some had never worked. Many had been frustrated in their efforts to find a place in the sun in civilian life. But here was their first important job. Its very magnitude thrilled these lads from Brooklyn and Yonkers and Oshkosh, these lads from Florida and Texas and "Joisey".

"They took to the job like ducks to water," Mr. Johnston told me as we sat in his quiet office at Queen's Park discussing The Road. I had just come back from a visit to Ft. St. John. "It was easy to work with these boys. They simply didn't know the word 'can't'. That's why construction work went on at a much faster pace than anticipated."

The Aerial Survey

The bottleneck was surveying. The soldier-workmen worked so fast that traditional surveying methods simply could not suffice. That was when Canada was asked to help out.

During the past decade, in our modest way, we seem to have developed some of the world's most competent aerial survey men. We trained them in Northern Ontario and they gathered years of experience. The methods developed proved to be just what the Americans needed.

Not that they weren't skeptical. They were. But they had firmly fixed their mind on the one objective —completing the road ahead of time. And they proved willing to try anything.

Aerial survey, as you know, is the procedure used in locating highway routes from aerial photographs. There are three main stages: First a map is compiled from survey photos. Then a straight line is drawn joining the two points between which the road is to run. Finally, the best surveys are traced to follow this line.

"When we began to locate our southern sector of the Alaska Highway," Mr. Johnston explained, "we tried naturally enough to avoid obstacles, to get a perfectly short and level line between Fort St. John and Watson Lake. But this is a situation you never meet in real life. So we kept as close to the ideal as possible, avoiding rives, lakes, swamps, towns. On photo maps our original route was straight. The real road, however, had to be quite crooked."

Americans Were "Shown"

When Johnston and Siddall arrived at Fort St. John they had expected to find plenty of photographs from which to work. There were thousands of photographs, all right, but more than three-quarters of them were quite useless. Many represented isolated strips of terrain which did not join and ran hither and yon through the country. There were gaps of anywhere between 15 to 25 miles. So photography had to be undertaken anew and against a shortage of time. The enemy, presumably, was not wasting his time in preparing to attack the continent.

June was the rainy month, however. Little useful flying could be done, so the time was spent in teaching American soldiers methods of ground survey following aerial photographs. The Americans openly admitted that they were "from Missouri" and wanted to be "shown." They were.

By the end of June flights commenced and a plane fitted out with a special camera took literally miles of photographs on rolls 75 feet long and 10 inches wide, from a height of 8,000 to 10,000 feet.

The film could not be developed on the spot (the water was too poor) and was flown at the end of each day to Spokane, Washington, being brought back within a day or two.

When brought back the photographs were placed side by side and after the shortest route was selected, the unnecessary pictures were discarded. The retained photos were placed under a stereoscope to enable the men to see hills and valleys.

Stereoscopic Vision

"The stereoscope," Mr. Johnston told me, "may be likened to the man flying, with this great advantage—that he can 'fly' at any speed he chooses, he can pause and hover over parts of the country that don't appear very clear to him, and he can 'fly' at high speed. He can do all this in the quiet of an office where he is not disturbed by unseemly noises, bumps, air pockets, and furthermore, on account of the optics of the machine, he really sees a great deal more of the hills and valleys than he would with the naked eye."

I tried to visualize ground parties making their way through the bush, rock and swamp holding stereoscopes to their eyes and following the route traced by aerial location. "Pretty awkward," I said somewhat doubtfully. Mr. Johnston laughed. "The survey men don't need stereoscopes. They are trained to use a pair of photos as if they were in a stereoscope. They develop stereoscopic vision. There are some who never do attain this, though."

At first the Canadians were hard put keeping ahead of the ground parties. But by the end of July they caught up and by the end of August they were done.

Their speed astonished even the energetic Americans. Ground survey parties do well to cover a mile a day. Aerial survey can do five miles. In fact the last 100 miles to Fort Nelson were done in 20 days and could have been done faster had the ground parties been able to move with greater speed.

"It is true that the Americans learned from us," Mr. Johnston pointed out. "But it is just as true that we can learn a great deal from them. Their ability to 'stick-to-it' is amazing. There are no difficulties that they consider too great. I recall one unit assigned the job of building pontoon bridges. However for about six weeks there were none to build, so it had to do ordinary road construction work.

"But the men kept bragging about how good they'd be when they did come to a river.

"Came the day. A river had to be crossed. But the pontoons were in Ft. St. John. The men drove off in trucks to get them.

"Meanwhile the other fellows, tired of the pontoon-men's bragging, and impatient to proceed, went to work and built a pier bridge, constructing the 400-foot structure in 24 hours.

"You can imagine what the pontoon men had to say when they came back. Nothing daunted they put up a pontoon bridge anyway!"

If you'd visited Ft. St. John along about the fall of 1942 you'd have seen a mark along the ground which was the place where the boardwalk once lay for the American army camp. One day a bridge had to be built farther along the road and it was discovered that planking had not been brought along. The sidewalk was torn up and shipped up to the bridge. Mud was good enough for the "city dwellers", the engineers said.

Rapid Building

One day Johnston and Siddall went out in the morning through the bush with the survey party. They placed little stakes with pieces of paper as markers to trace the route. When they returned at night the road was already broken through and the soldiers were far ahead in the bush.

From July 20 to August 20 the Ft. St. John-Ft. Nelson task force built 100 miles of road. One day eight miles of road was constructed. "If I hadn't seen that," Mr. Johnston said somewhat unbelievingly, despite the experience of his own eyes, "I would hardly have believed it."

The Road is now rounding out its first year. It is far from being finished. It is being widened, surfaced, bridges are being constructed. Along the highway towns are arising.

Our northland, thanks to the Alcan, is wilderness no longer. The Road has steeled the men who built it. It has become a sinew of our post-war life, a blessing and a responsibility.

Someone once said that Alaska was a cocked pistol pointed at the heart of Japan. The trigger is being drawn back. The safety-catch is off. The Alcan Highway supplies the bullets.

Route of the Alcan Highway as originally proposed. Minor deviations were made in course of construction.

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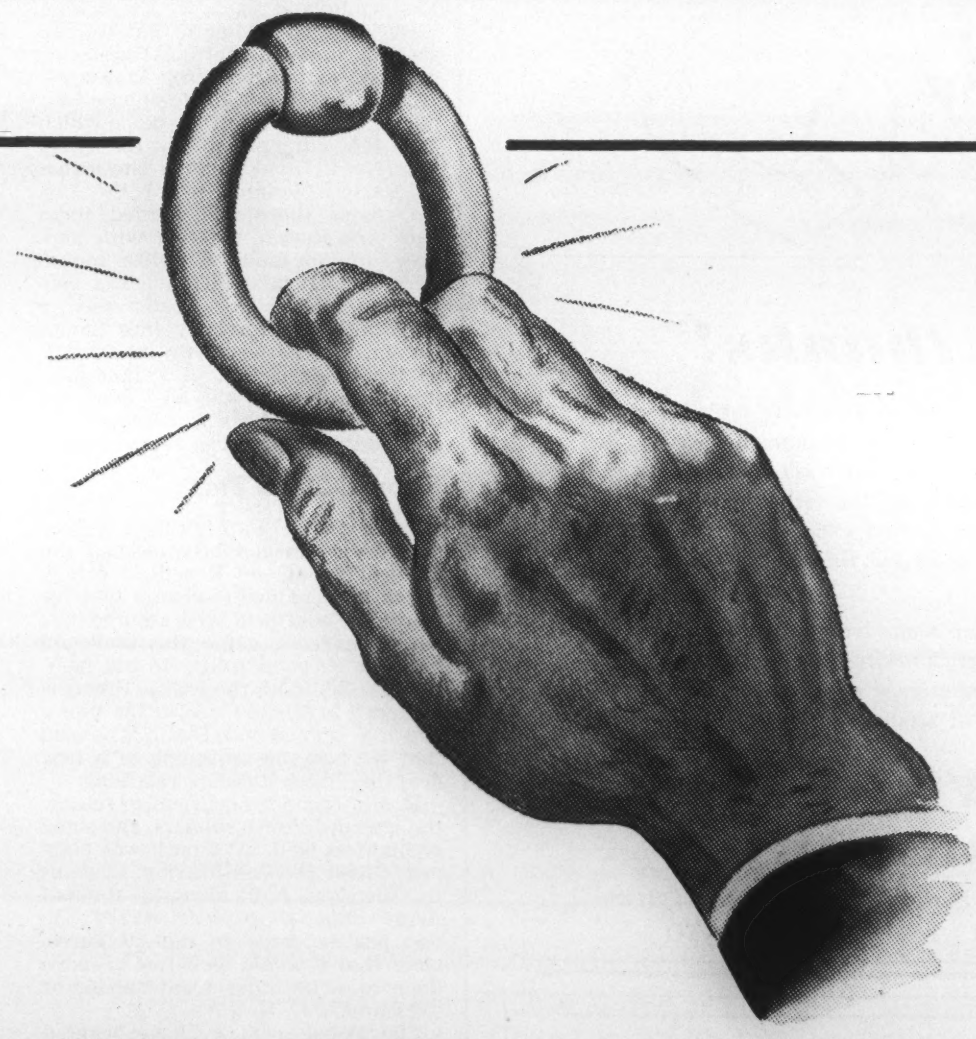

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18-4C

NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

THE HITLER WAR

Grave Implications of the Polish-Soviet Break

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THIS week a grave rift has opened in the ranks of the United Nations, in the break between the Soviet and Polish Governments. Nor is it enough to say that it is just a success of the Goebbels propaganda concerning the 10,000 murdered Polish officers discovered in mass graves near Smolensk. It is no use dodging the truth that the Poles and the Russians, and even more the Poles and the Soviets, have never been friends, and are now profoundly divided.

These are extraordinary times, and one must consider carefully what can usefully be said on the matter. Without going back to the partitions of Poland in which Russia joined a century and a half ago, it is at least necessary to recall the Soviet-Polish War of 1919-20, when Trotsky sought to carry his doctrine of international communism westward with his revolutionary army and was repulsed before the gates of Warsaw. The Treaty of Riga, which followed this and established the eastern boundary of modern Poland, provides some of the chief matter of the present dispute. It undoubtedly included in the new Polish State several million White Russians and Ukrainians, although it is unknown whether these people wanted to be included in Soviet Russia.

Then we must recall the mission which the Polish Government took upon itself—naturally enough, perhaps—in the succeeding period, of maintaining a *cordon sanitaire* against Bolshevism in Eastern Europe, and the treaty of "friendship" which it negotiated with Nazi Germany in January 1934. The Soviet Government could not regard these as other than hostile policies.

This was followed by the very ambiguous policy of Foreign Minister Beck up to and including the Munich crisis. When Russia joined the League of Nations Beck became one of its most lukewarm supporters; and when in 1938 a common stand was needed in Eastern Europe to check Hitler's aggression against Czechoslovakia, Beck foolishly joined in the latter instead.

Many Poles, I know, strongly opposed this opportunism, and realized that it had only hastened their own turn. But it is nevertheless an historical fact that Poland joined with Germany to grab a piece of Czechoslovakia, and I have always felt that the Polish nation would suffer one day for Beck's policy.

Next we come to an event which we have all tried, with nature's willing connivance, to bury in our minds: and that is the new partition of Poland in which Russia joined with Germany in September 1939. Russia's action is often portrayed by her blind adherents as that of making the best of a bad situation and seizing strategic "cover" for her own territory, rather than have Germany overrun Eastern Poland.

But if it is the truth that we are seeking, that will not do. Russia negotiated with Ribbentrop in August 1939 an agreement not to oppose Germany, but to divide the spoils, which gave Hitler the green light for World War No. 2. In September she invaded Eastern Poland, seized the Polish troops there and carried them back into Russia, together with hundreds of thousands of Polish administrative officials, middle class people and intellectuals. Later she incorporated the territory into Soviet Russia, just as Germany incorporated the western part of Poland into the Reich. There was no suggestion whatever that she was holding it in trust until Poland was reconstituted.

Sikorski-Stalin Pact

Came the German invasion of Russia (which, incidentally, proved the bankruptcy of the Kremlin's policy, which had enabled Germany to drive us off the continent, and assured that when her turn came Russia would have no "second front" to aid her). General Sikorski, the Polish Premier, hastened to Moscow and in the treaty which he signed with Stalin it seemed that we had the beginning of a new deal in Polish-Russian relations.

Russia found it expedient to release the interned Polish soldiers, and some civilians as well. At first it was planned to have the Polish Army, of about five divisions, fight alongside the Red Army. But shortly afterward the two parties came to mutual agreement that it would be better to move them to some other front outside of Germany.

The Poles seem to have wanted this because of the problem of equipping their troops with British supplies over the difficult Murmansk route and the over-burdened Russian railways, and a desire to conserve this precious force from the careless slaughter of the eastern front. The Soviet motives may have been a disinclination to having "bourgeois", Catholic elements mingling with their carefully indoctrinated army, and a memory of the experience with the Czech Legion in 1918-19, which, insisting on continuing the fight against Germany, seized the Trans-Siberian Railway and fought its way out to the Allied world.

100,000 Men; No Officers

The 100,000 troops which the Polish authorities were able to collect in Russia, out of an original 181,000 which *Red Star* stated on September 17, 1940 had been captured, and moved out to Persia and eventually Palestine, where they have been recuperating, outfitting and training for the past year, contained almost no officers, however. Ever since October 1941 the Polish Government and its ambassador in Russia have been trying to get information from the Soviet authorities as to the whereabouts of the 10,000 officers also admitted in *Red Star* of the above date to have been captured.

The Polish authorities were assured by Stalin, they say, that the amnesty agreed upon in the Treaty of July 1941 was general, and would be carried out. But still the officers did not appear. They asked for the Soviet list of the interned officers, but were never given it. Then they made up an incomplete list of 3,843 names from the memory of the few hundred officers who had been found, but still nothing happened. "On no occasion," states the Polish Minister of War, General Kukiel, "has the Polish Government ever received an answer as to the whereabouts of the Polish officers and other prisoners deported from the three camps."

Nevertheless, the Soviet Ambassador to the Polish Government in London handed them a note in March, a year ago, declaring that the amnesty had been carried out in full, and applied to both military and civilian persons. This was followed by an ominous development, the Soviet declaration that all Poles remaining in Russia would be considered as Soviet citizens from now on, as they came from territory which was part of the Soviet Union.

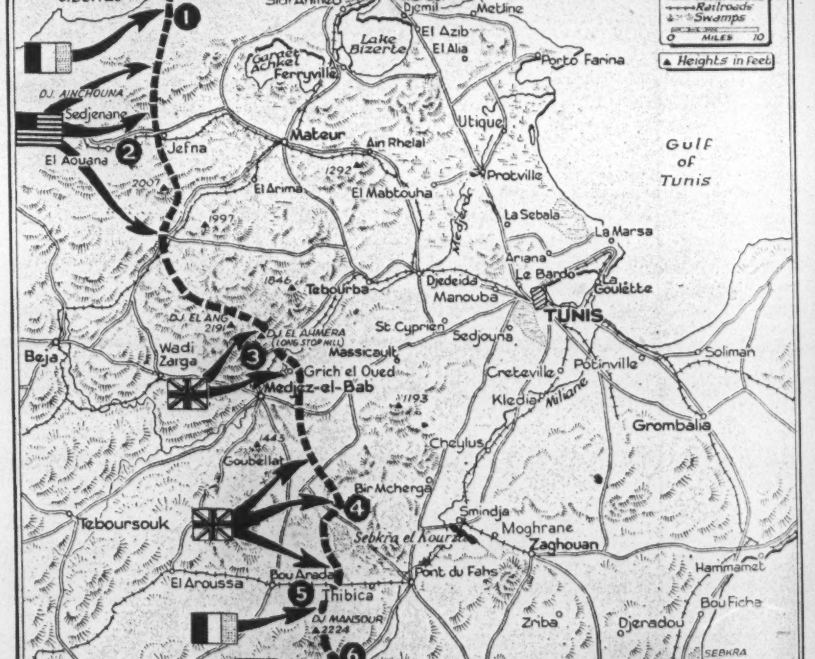
Stalin, at the high point of his winter offensive, and following on our landing in North Africa and great bombing attack on Germany, made this claim official in his Order of the Day to the Red Army on February 23, when he listed among the Soviet lands to be freed from the invader all the territories occupied by Russia in 1939-40.

Shortly afterwards there was set up in Moscow a group agitating for a "Free Poland", with its own newspaper of that name. It was fairly obvious that this "Free Poland" would be a communist Poland, and the Polish Government made a statement that Soviet agents were being dropped in Polish territory to organize such a communist movement. About this time two moderate Socialist Members of the Polish Parliament, Alter and Ehrlich, who were interned in Russia, were executed.

From the Soviet point of view one may recognize that, after the experience with the Beck regime, Russia might well have determined to secure, at the very least, friendly governments in the territories adjacent to her; and she claimed to see in the Polish-Czech Confederation, a continuation of the *cordon sanitaire* policy to contain her in Eastern Europe. But her method of securing such "friendly" governments played right down Goebbels' alley.

Goebbels Steps In

Had he not been trying for two years to prove to the Axis satellites in Eastern Europe, and all the other nations of the continent, that if Russia won the war she would communize them and wipe out the present ruling elements? He needed to convince them of this more than ever this spring, when Hitler was trying to galvanize them into a final great effort, and combat their war weari-



—*Map by New York Times.*

Allies advance all along the Tunisian front, the French east of Cape Serrat (1); the Americans towards Mateur (2) strategic key to the north; the British First Army north and east of Medjez-el-Bab (3), and with powerful tank forces from Bou Arada (4) towards Pont du Fahs (6), where the French were active, too; and the British Eighth Army into the hills north of Enfidaville (7), and along the coast road. Everywhere the Germans resisted fiercely, fighting for every possible day's delay.

"No, thanks!"

• This wise woman has just flatly vetoed her husband's suggestion that he name her executor in his Will. Her decision was not based on a question of competency, but rather on the certainty that when the time came she would not have sufficient available time to do the job right.

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An Explanation

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in the present Crane series describing how your domestic plumbing and heating systems function was originally scheduled to appear today.

It has been postponed until May 29th to make way for Crane's special Victory Loan message, which will appear in this newspaper in the May 8th issue.

CRANE

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ness. Here is where he stepped in with his story of the discovery of the mass graves of 10,000 Polish officers near Smolensk.

His propaganda followed this up hard with an injunction to the Finns that "the only thing that could save them was a continuation of the combat", and a reminder to the Roumanians that "this wholesale murder demonstrates Russia's devilish plan to destroy civilization." To the Spaniards and others he pointed out quickly that Britain's silence on this matter showed that they could not look to her to defend European civilization, as she was in complicity with the Soviets.

A Deep Rift

Nevertheless, as I have tried to develop, Goebbels' statements on the discovery of the mass graves, and the rupture between the Polish and Soviet Governments which has followed, cannot be regarded as purely a victory of clever propaganda. There was, behind it, the actual disappearance of the 10,000 officers and the Soviet failure to give the Polish Government any satisfaction in the matter.

So the Polish Government took up the German offer to have a Red Cross commission go to Smolensk and investigate, declaring that the Soviets ought to be just as eager as themselves to clear the question up. I am not at all sure that they acted wisely, but one must sympathize with this martyred people, with an ancient tradition of freedom and christianity, squeezed between two great autocracies, with no big friends at hand.

The Russians answered with an extremely violent outburst, which accused the Polish Government of having formed an accord with Germany, and "to please Hitler's tyranny, dealing a treacherous blow to the Soviet Union." Now the Poles are certainly not doing anything to please the Nazis who are busy wiping out their people at home, although it is extremely unfortunate that their request for a Red Cross investigation should aid Goebbels' propaganda. And if the investigation should disprove Goebbels' allegations it is hard to see how that can be a treacherous blow to the U.S.S.R.

The Soviets further say that "the Polish Government, far from offering a rebuff to the vile Fascist slander, did not even find it necessary to address the Soviet Government with an enquiry or explanation on this subject." But they had been inquiring for a year and a half. According to information which the Polish authorities have gathered, the prisoners were held in three big camps in Western Russia until April 1940. At Kozielsk, east of Smolensk were 4500 officers and 500 others. At Starobielsk, near Kharkov, were 3820 officers and 100 civilians. And at Ostaszkovo, near Kalinin, were 6570 prisoners, including 380 officers and the rest apparently non-commissioned officers.

On April 5, 1940, the Soviets started to empty the camps, taking away groups of 60 to 300 a day. Only about 400, who were deported in an easterly direction to Griazowiec, appear to have been recovered by the Poles. The remainder, including some 8300 officers and 7000 non-commissioned officers and others, who were deported in a westerly direction, have never been heard from.

The Soviet Government now gives information on their whereabouts and fate, however, which it so long refused the Polish authorities. A statement of the Soviet Information Bureau, published in the April 17 Bulletin of the Embassy of the U.S.S.R. in Washington, says that "there can be no doubt whatsoever as to the tragic fate of the former Polish war prisoners *who in* 1941 *were engaged in building work in the areas west of Smolensk*, and together with many Soviet people fell into the hands of the German-Fascist hangmen."

A Credible Explanation

Here is an entirely credible explanation of the fate of the Polish officers, that they were impressed into work gangs, caught in the German invasion and killed. It surely would have been much better if it had been given earlier.

The reaction of a Senator Capper of the United States, who has commented that he is inclined to accept Russia's story, "because she has done a great job," hardly seems adequate. Does the truth then depend on who is the bigger, and who has "done a good job"? If it comes to that, the Poles haven't done a bad job, either, and they have staked their whole existence in opposing Hitler. Surely the principle of right and wrong in the Jap execution of 8 American officers and the mysterious execution of 10,000 Polish officers is exactly the same.

Hope of Mediation

Hope is being held out prominently in the daily press that mediation by Britain or the U.S. can quickly bring the Poles and Russians together again, and deny Goebbels his victory. Surely Mr. Eden, President Benés, or perhaps President Roosevelt will exert themselves in this matter should they visit Moscow this year. But it is a thorny problem, involving satisfaction to the Poles on the fate of their officers, and a compromise by both parties in their border claims.

The enemy had made no attempt to destroy this slightly damaged Stuka, which the 8th Army has put into use along with 875 other Axis planes.

Constantly performing dangerous tasks, but never mentioned in battle reports, are the men of the Signal Corps, seen here burying a telephone cable in a desert battle area.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA speaks to its Depositors

FOR Canada's fighting sons the ordeal of offensive battle nears. "This year", the Prime Minister has said, "all of our forces will be engaged."

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Money is needed for these purposes; much money; more money than Canada has ever asked before; money without stint. In the FOURTH VICTORY LOAN campaign, Canada is asking her citizens for at least $1,100,000,000.

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VICTORY BONDS are this Country's finest security

FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Owner-Occupiers Rally to the Cause

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IF MR. ILSLEY has ever had any idea of acting on the suggestion made in this department a few weeks ago, that he might tax the "invisible" or "imputed" income arising from the occupation of house premises owned by the occupier, he might as well abandon it immediately. I do not recall having ever made a suggestior which gave rise to so much, and such unanimous, hostility. House-owners by the score have written, telephoned and buttonholed me in protest. Renters have entirely failed to rally to my defence. One critic accuses me not only of living in rented premises, which is true, but of thinking that Canada has "got to copy England in everything," which is not true. The reason for quoting the British law, which was only done at an advanced stage of the argument, was to counter the claim that the usufruct in one's own property is not income, by pointing out that there is at least one taxing authority, not usually regarded as entirely devoid of commonsense, which has expressly declared the usufruct in this one type of property to be income.

One correspondent goes so far as to suggest that, since usufruct in one's own property is not income (unless the law expressly makes it so), the proposed tax must be a capital levy. To this I have to demur. A capital levy, I submit, is something which, if repeated a sufficient number of times, would destroy the ownership of the item of capital to which it is applied. The proposed tax would never do that, since it can never exceed a fraction of the sum which, even if it be not income, is yet the estimated value of something enjoyed by the taxpayer during the year of the tax. It might perhaps be termed an occupation tax, and though repeated ad infinitum it would never impair the value of the capital —the house in question—for renting to another person, whatever effect it might have on its value for owner-occupation.

(The Succession Duty is admittedly and unquestionably a capital levy, a fact the consequences of which have been grievously overlooked by legislators and public alike. Among those consequences are (1) the fact that repeated applications of the tax, resulting from successive deaths, will eventually take away almost the whole ownership from the original private owner and his successors by compelling them to turn large parts of it into cash for the state, and (2) the fact that the produce of the tax ought never to be used for the *current* needs of the taxing authority.)

But the real animus of the drive against the levying of the income tax upon the estimated value of the use of the owner-occupied house arises from these two claims: (1) that house property is already outrageously overtaxed by the local authorities, which is true; and (2) that the rent-paying occupier does not pay this over-taxation, and that it is consequently just and proper that the rent-paying occupier should have to pay income tax on that part of his income which (after paying the income tax) goes for the payment of his rent; which is dubious.

Case for Non-Taxation

The case for the non-taxation (by income tax) of the owner-occupier has been best put, so far as my correspondence extends, by Mr. H. E. Manning, K.C., the well known expert on real estate and taxation problems. He writes as follows:

"May I throw a brick in the very interesting controversy which has arisen out of your proposal to tax people who occupy their own houses upon the theory that they receive an income not available to people who rent houses provided by others?

"As you rightly observe, there is a schedule in the English income tax forms which requires owner-occupants to charge themselves with a theoretical income equal to the assumed net rental value of the premises they occupy. That is a long established part of the system of income and other taxation in England. There is, however, in England a profound difference from our North American practice in the taxing of landed investments, which has a direct bearing upon the possibility of such a tax as you propose being tolerated without adverse and unfortunate effects upon the general economy.

"In England the weight of local and national taxation referable to land is considerably lighter than the weight of taxation imposed by municipal bodies in North America upon the ad valorem basis. No comprehensive comparison has been made between English and North American rates, but individual comparisons of the taxes which are payable by the average citizen of London or of Birmingham, England, indicate that he pays approximately one-half of the amount of taxes yearly that are paid by the average citizen of a North American municipality. In England the local tax is much more widely diffused amongst the citizens than is our tax in Canada and the United States. There, every occupant pays a tax based upon the assumed net annual rental value. Here, the only possible basis of suggesting that occupants pay local taxes is the assertion that the tenant pays the taxes when he pays rent.

Does the Tenant Pay?

"A strenuous debate is, of course, provoked whenever one asserts that the tenant does not pay the taxes. It would take volumes of narrative to demonstrate the thesis that the tenant does not pay the taxes when he pays rent. Perhaps the best superficial manifestation of the truth of this statement is that, throughout a considerable period of time, the experiences of land ownership have been such that there is a steadily declining number of owners of their own houses and a steadily dwindling number of available vacant dwellings. This can only mean that it is cheaper to rent than it is to own one's own house. That is to say, rent does not equal cost plus an adequate return on investment. This conclusion can be corroborated from the unexpected circumstance that, as taxes on land have risen in the past two decades, rents have, on the whole, declined. This has been so in spite of a shrinkage in the number of available dwellings and a manifestly increased pressure of demand upon supply in any but the strict economic sense.

"The cost of production theory of value has been dead for many a day. It lives on in regard to the incidence of taxation of rented property because its ghost is not recognized.

"There are so many differences in the method of levying and collecting taxes in England and on the North American continent that it may be worth while to recall some of those differences. They have made our North American land tax conspicuously the cause of financial embarrassment to owners. There is in England no lien upon land. There can be no tax sale. The result is that people who get behind in their taxes need not be as much afraid of the mortgagee taking their properties from them as we in Canada are obliged to be.

"There is no such blight in English cities as has come upon many North American cities resulting from voluntary demolitions, a flight to suburban areas and a decay in the natural centre of development. There has been an increase in the proportion of people who own their own homes. In North America the contrary has been the experience. For example, in spite of an increase of more than 110,000 people and 24,000 additional housing units in Toronto since 1926, the number of owners of their own houses had declined in 1940 from 65,000 to a little over 56,000.

"Of the 59,000 who today (1943) own their own homes in Toronto, well over 50,000 of them own homes assessable at less than $4,000. That means they are in the small shopkeeper, wage earner and salaried worker class. The only type of house property which has shown some firmness in value on the present stringent market is the house assessed at less than $4,000. Proportionately, a tax such as you propose, if based upon the true occupancy value, would bear most heavily on small owners and discriminate against them in favor of tenants of similar houses who pay less than an economic rent. So far as the owners of houses of a value greater than $4,000 are concerned, those houses are uniformly assessed at substantially more than the amount which they would realize upon the market. The owners of such houses are already paying an uneconomic price for their occupancy. In such circumstances, one would think it unsound to make their occupancy and ownership still less desirable."

Other Factors in Decline

Mr. Manning will not, I am sure, mind my commenting on this very valuable letter, that the decline in owner-occupiership in Toronto between 1926 and 1940 may be largely attributable to other factors than the superior attractiveness of renting at current rentals. These factors are, in the case of the less-than-$4,000 house, the very widespread deterioration in the financial position of the owners and the consequent transfer of ownership to the former mortgage-holder; and in the case of the larger house, the sudden and serious deterioration in its usefulness owing to the impossibility of getting domestic service. The poor had to live in less cubic space because they had, until recently, less income. The rich had to live in less cubic space because they had fewer servants to look after them. This leads to the conclusion that the value, whether for rental or for occupation, of a given amount of residential cubic space would tend to fall during this period, except in the case of small units of it with complete mechanical labor-saving equipment—which is just about what has happened. But owners of the less valuable space have been unwilling to take their loss, because (1) they are now largely original mortgage-holders, and dislike selling for less than the mortgage, and (2) they hope for a recovery in the event of a modest post-war inflation or a continued rise in population.

For Canadian restaurant patrons, no more of this on Tuesday menus. One reason: Canadian troops overseas need more of it. The leg of lamb above is held by a British ATS girl.

AMONG THE THINGS WE'RE FIGHTING FOR

Little Mollie's dolly is a pretty precious thing . . . its feet are splayed, its ears are frayed, its cheeks are now the color of a mouse . . . it's lumpy here and flattened there, with matted wisps that once were hair . . . but Mollie wouldn't trade it for a house . . .

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Those kids are worth while. That's why Victory Bonds are worth while—and contributions to the Red Cross—and help in scrap drives—and blood donations to save the lives of fighting men.

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Because we are exerting all our efforts in war work, we ask you to make your plumbing fixtures last. We can still meet ordinary demands, but ask you to remember that adjustments and repairs will save great quantities of metal for our armed forces.

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Unless we crush the axis powers, never again will we enjoy the civil and religious liberties that have meant so much to us in Canada.

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SEASICK REMEDY

London.

DURING this correspondent's stint as a Hollywood correspondent (it seems a million years ago) he was acquainted with an expert scenario writer who, in spite of his consistent success in the limited field of "B" pictures, was never given the opportunity to graduate to writing first-class pictures.

I used to wonder how he felt about seeing his fellow craftsmen advance from the "B" product to the "A" product, then to directing and producing, and in some cases to the highest executive positions in the studio—while he remained static as "the keeper of the B's," this being his favorite description of himself. The explanation was well known in Hollywood writing circles. He always demonstrated so keen an appreciation of the story and production requirements of the cheap picture that the studio was loath to remove him from that specific job. He was given praise and more money, but never advancement.

One day I asked him about it. He said with not a little bitterness, "I am a victim of my own genius."

This remark falls into the mind in a reflection on the position of the Canadian overseas. Here is an army that has been static (from the point of view of action) for two or three years—a volunteer army encamped 3,000 miles from its homeland and which was recruited by the promise of action, adventure and travel. It has not seen action. It has remained more or less stationary while "johnny-come-lately" armies have been developed under its nose and have moved into heavy operations.

Probably no other army could remain so keenly alive for so long with such small encouragement. Probably the Allied High Command would not saddle any other army with such dull duty. But the Canadians are considered solid and highly intelligent. Their officers are resourceful enough to keep the troops interested. They do not suffer from explosive temperaments. They are, because of their special and most commendable qualities, the only troops which could accept inactivity without crumbling. Had they been anything less, the Allied High Command would have been forced to arrange (or disarrange) its plans in order to move the Canadians to a battlefield.

In short, the Canadian Army can also claim with considerable justification that it is a victim of its own genius.

CANADA OVERSEAS

Reflections on Our Army

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

LOOKING back on the 1942 campaigns from the perspective of six months, one wonders why the Canadians did not figure in the original plans for the North African expedition. It would seem to have been their dish. Of all the available British armies in this island, the Canadians were the longest inactive and probably the readiest. They would fit in nicely with the Americans from the viewpoint of battle field comradeship. They were suited by upbringing to the rugged country from Bone and the Tunisian tip. And if it were considered politically advantageous that French territories should be occupied by Americans, certainly it would be similarly advantageous for the Canadians to form the Empire representation.

For reasons which some future history of the war will reveal, the Canadians were not selected. Instead, a British army reorganized, refitted and trained long after the Canadians were ready for action, was sent off to North Africa.

One can only guess at the reasons. Perhaps the training of the Canadians was not suited to operations in mountainous country. Perhaps the sprinkling of Dunkerque veterans in the British First Army was considered an invaluable asset. Perhaps there were more important jobs—including Dieppe—on schedule for the Canadians; or the defence of this island revolved too much around the Canadian nucleus. Perhaps the planned organization of the Canadians into a full army did not permit our troops (then comprising several divisions) to form the bulk of a British army.

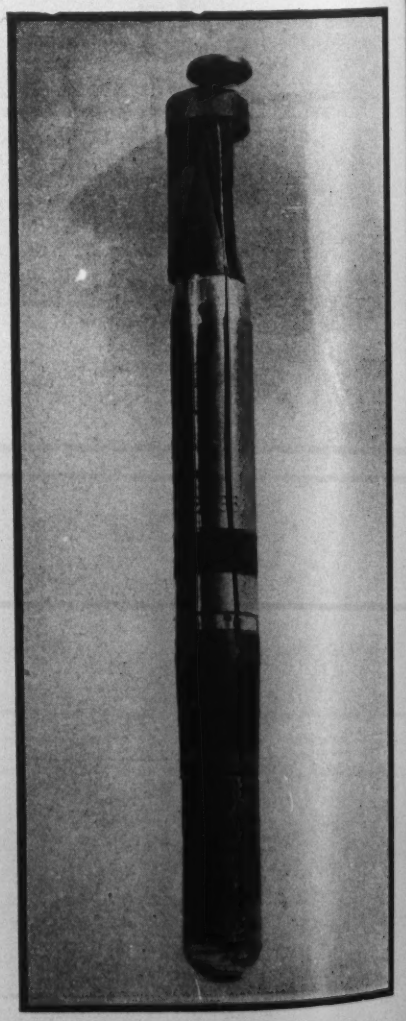
Whatever the reasons, the Canadians remained here. The hand of our High Command was not forced by morale considerations. The troops who had been here two or three years were well enough behaved so that special plans need not be made for them.

THE morale of the Canadians remains high because the lads figure action is around the corner. There are signs of a few individual temperaments bursting at the seams; the London papers have carried a few items of men "wearing Canadian battle dress" being involved in criminal practices of a grave nature. But the officers I have consulted display no fears of Canadian morale cracking. They say it will be handily maintained until the day of action.

My own brand of confidence in the maintenance of our morale is real without being carefree. The Canadians have been subjected to a very severe test of waiting—a test without precedent in modern military history. No volunteer army has been forced to wait three years away from home. It is not enough to argue that England is not a foreign country to our men. Hospitable as this country is, it is not home. Moreover, because our troops are so intelligently disciplined does not mean that they cannot lose their fighting edge. Eagerness is a deep current and it can spend its strength without a surface ripple.

The opening of the Battle of Europe from North African bases will place a severe strain on Canadian morale. Having come through an unprecedented period of waiting with full marks, our troops cannot be expected to add to this a record of being perennial spectators at fighting pitch. Their expectations for 1943 have been raised to such a height that they cannot be let down without the most serious consequences. After all, while temperamentally sound, they aren't supermen.

I RECENTLY talked with a ferry pilot who has crossed the Atlantic more than a hundred times. He tells me air technique has mastered the North Atlantic almost completely except in the heaviest mid-winter weather. . . "When peace allows the full use of radio all the way across and we can afford six-motored ships with sealed-in cabins for high altitude flying," he told me, "there will be no type of weather we cannot master.". . . It is his prediction that there will be hourly service across the Atlantic after the war on a 16-hour schedule from point to point. . . But what, I asked, will happen to steamships for passenger use? . . . "I think," he said, "the day of the superliner is over. We will always need cargo ships, and a few passenger liners of a modest size—say 20,000 tons. There will always be people who would rather cross the ocean in a ship. Even an airman will admit there is something attractive about an ocean voyage. But the passenger liner, at least across the North Atlantic, will be regarded in the same way as we now regard a horse carriage for a ride through the park. It's nice if you can spare the time to disregard a taxi.". . . What about airline fares? . . . "In free competition," he said, "an airline will be able to underbid a steamer by about 50 per cent. It now costs about $700 to get across the Atlantic by air but this is due mostly to the war emergency. After the war I don't think it will cost more than $100 for an overnight hop across the Atlantic."



Canadian ARP workers note: this is what the new German explosive fire bomb looks like. Incendiary section lights on impact but explosion is delayed 7 minutes. Weighs 5 lbs.

4th
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AND PROTECT OUR MEN
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Back the Attack!
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THE WORLD OF SPORT

Thoughts While Staring Fixedly

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THOUGHTS of a guy watching a ferocious and sports-writer-eating deadline eating its way through a perfectly blank sheet of paper. . .

The various services are not doing a great deal to increase their popularity with the sports-going public by juggling the line-ups of their hockey teams when the playoffs come along. It seems a little specious to argue that because a man is in, say, the army he should be free to play for any army team in the country. Everyone knows that soldiers, from the very nature of their business, get moved about from place to place, but certain suspicious characters look askance when these transfers coincide too perfectly with the playoff schedules. Right now there is no apparent reason why any service team shouldn't have things pretty much its own way in most leagues. Packing is a horrid word and it's no better on the end of a bayonet.

In this connection one wonders if the whole set-up of big time service athletics isn't based on a wrong assumption. One doesn't want to criticize; one merely makes a suggestion in the hope that one may possibly have a good idea. The idea is this. Canada's young men are currently divided into two groups: those who are in the services and those who aren't for one or another probably sound reason. It is good sense and good showmanship to see that a rivalry between the two is a good thing for wartime sport.

But is it the best plan to have service and non-service teams playing throughout the season in the same leagues? There are those who are inclined to say that teams are entered in the big money amateur leagues not to give healthy outdoor exercise to the participants but rather to pass an honest dollar through the turnstiles. Furthermore, familiarity breeds you-know-what. Having seen service and non-service teams playing against each other all season, the fans can't get heated up over any playoff rivalry. And half the time, for example in last Fall's rugby playoffs, there just isn't any such rivalry; one service team is playing another.

Now suppose the two groups were segregated during the regular season? Each group would have its own playoffs and each would declare itself a champion. And then would come the Big series: service against non-service. The rivalry would mean something and the public, its competitive appetite undulled, would turn out in large and enthusiastic numbers.

Isn't it too bad that some championship team from the army or Air Force overseas couldn't be brought back to play a cross-country series of games with local outfits? The effect on morale would be spectacular and the publicity value incalculable. The players wouldn't mind a leave, either. Heroes are brought back in large quantities for the edification of the folks back home but the average guy doesn't get much of a break. This would be a break for everybody concerned.

ONLY saps are saps enough to put themselves way out on limbs by trying to break into the prognostication racket. In other words, only dopes are dopes enough to attempt to foretell the eventual winners of, say, the recently-opened baseball season. That's strictly for suckers. Of course, as everyone knows, this department has proved rather phenomenally accurate in doing this very thing. That, naturally, was mere blind luck aided, perhaps, by a peculiarly brilliant mind where sports are concerned.

For example, if we wanted to shine a great light before our readers we might (just might) predict that the Phillies wouldn't win a pennant. In these uncertain times even that's not a sure thing and it might be better not to mention it. Still, *nothing* is certain and that's as certain as anything can be. Unless the Phillies wind up leading the International League or something like that. They might just do that; Toronto certainly won't be leading it.

How about the pennant *winners* in the big leagues? A smart man would recall the old rule about always betting on the champion. It works often enough to look pretty good. If the champion doesn't win you can always say he *should* have won. That won't fool anybody but it reads well. So let's call the Yanks and the Cards and let it go at that. Nobody keeps old paper around the house these days anyway. It isn't patriotic.

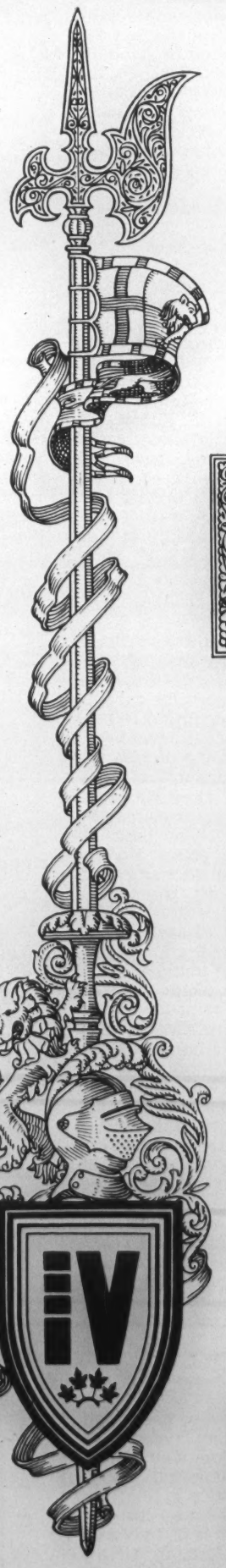
IT MIGHT be a good idea to regret once more and possibly for the last time the passing of the fine old game of lacrosse. Old-timers may remember Canada's national sport. The game is not completely dead, of course. They still play it, but in a sort of glorified chicken coop. It's a funny thing how people will go to almost any lengths to preserve an old tree or some landmark that's nothing but a blot on the landscape and yet not raise a finger to save the game that was once the queen of Canadian sport.

Lacrosse would be the ideal training game for a modern soldier, too. Any head off which a solidly-propelled lacrosse ball has bounced would sneer at a grenade, and any body which had withstood repeated blows from irate lacrosse sticks could be propelled through an acre of barbed wire without losing anything much but last summer's tan. It is often and fatuously argued that field lacrosse's decline is due to the lack of playing space. This is patent nonsense, with the country littered with rugby fields which do nothing from one Fall to the next but grow grass.

The impression given by the frantic efforts necessary to sell war bonds to the contrary, patriotism is on the upgrade. It might be a good idea if somebody invested a little of it in an effort to revive which was good enough for grandpa and ought to be good enough for us.

ONE of the more puzzling effects of the war on sport has been the decline and fall of boxing. Your little sister Emily could tell you that if any sport should prosper in wartime, boxing is that sport. The martial spirit is popularly supposed to permeate the air and the mind. Those who cannot fight Germans are with equal popularity imagined as longing for vicarious struggle. But what happens when some brave soul presents a card of fights? Nobody goes; they're all at the flower show. Perhaps there *are*, on close examination, a couple of possible reasons for all this. Perhaps all the good fighters are away fighting and the fans show only good judgment in avoiding the 4-Fs left over. Perhaps, too, the potential fans who like a fight have seen the golden opportunity to go and get themselves into a honey of their own.

And perhaps the flower show is very good this year. It takes all kinds.



"By Jove, I am not covetous for gold nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; it yearns me not if men my garments wear; such outward things dwell not in my desires; but if it be a sin to covet honour I am the most offending soul alive."

King Henry V, Part 1, Act 4, Scene 3.

So said King Henry V of England on the eve of an invasion of the continent of Europe five centuries ago. At Agincourt the arms of England won a victory that lives inscribed for evermore on the national scroll of honour. Today Shakespeare's words re-echo in our ears as we Canadians prepare to offer our wealth, our goods, our blood, in a cause more honourable than Henry's; more honourable than any that history has yet recorded. Do we, too, covet honour more than cost, more than gold, and outward things? Let it not be said that even the least one among us has failed to back the attack.

Jas. S. Duncan

President and General Manager
MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY, LIMITED

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY VICTORY BONDS

Now We're Putting Electrons to Work

BY LARRY GOUGH

Out beyond the range of human sight there is a vast "other" world—a world in which our earth, our sun and our moon are as sands on a limitless shore. Infinitely small—but probably more important to man's progress—is another unseen world, the realm of the electron.

Man is learning to use the electron. He has it working for him now in a number of ways, many of them deep secrets of war. In the future, say the scientists, man will put the electron to work at numberless tasks. Through its power he will see what has never been seen, hear what has never been heard, do what has never been done.

AS HAS always been the case since the world began, the ill wind of war is managing to blow some good among all its evil odors. This time one important part of that good is to be found in the flourishing new science of electronics. Practically born out of the last war, the new art of putting electrons to work is growing on this war in much the same manner that a friendly bacillus grows as it feeds on a man-destroying diseased tissue.

Electrons are tiny, invisible particles of pure electricity — the basic building blocks of the universe. The tool that allows man to use this wonderful raw material is the electron tube, a device already familiar to most people in one of its simple forms, the ordinary radio tube. Sound movies, television and the widely known photo-electric cell or "electric eye" are other commonplace applications of the science of electronics.

But those things were only the beginning. Today the electron tube is guiding the destinies of the greatest armies and fleets that ever went into action. It was some secret form of electron tube that made it possible for a United States battleship to blast the resisting French battleship Jean Bart to destruction from a distance of twenty-six miles during the recent invasion of North Africa by Allied troops. It was undoubtedly an electronic device that enabled a fleet Catalina flying boat to locate the now defunct Bismarck even though a thick layer of fog kept the German craft well hidden from human eyes. And it is equally probable that the startling success of that same Bismarck in sinking the redoubtable Hood with one far-flung but well-directed broadside was a result of accurate work on the part of a German-fabricated electron tube cradled somewhere on that sea raider's bridge.

Electronics has proved itself to be a capable eye and ear for man at war.

The electron tube is a part of the nervous system of any modern warship. It directs the ship's course, finds enemy craft, directs gunfire and determines ocean depths much more quickly and efficiently than any other device yet known.

Along the Allies' borders the electron tube projects invisible fingers into the sky, counting, following and identifying any ships or planes that dare come close to our shores.

In the air it pilots our planes automatically, keeps communication between pilot and pilot and between air crew and ground command. In the densest jungles or on the broadest deserts the "walkie-talkie", a small two-way radio easily carried on a soldier's back, allows constant contact between patrols and their headquarters.

That's part of the electronics story. There's more — a great deal more. On the industrial as well as on the military battlefronts of the war electronics plays its part in the shaping of the world's destiny.

Hundreds of war plants are using electronically controlled resistance welding in the manufacture of fabricated parts, doing work in a few days that riveters would have taken weeks to do. Huge industrial X-rays are peeking into the internal structure of huge metal parts, finding flaws and blemishes which, undiscovered, might develop into cracks and breaks that could cause costly losses in life, time and money if they appeared when the part was already at work on some vital war job.

Two Million Colors

Paint, dye, textile, paper and chemicals manufacturers are making wide use of the recording spectrophotometer, an electronic machine capable of detecting and matching 2,000,000 different shades of colour, two hundred times as many as the human eye can even see. Magazine and newspaper publishers now have an automatic electronic unit that assures perfect registration of colour plates in multi-colour printing jobs. Makers of plywood use heat induced by electronic oscillators to dry the plastic bonding or glue of their product in a few minutes instead of the several days formerly required.

In the production of many articles, ranging from motion picture film to the most secret and delicate instruments of war, the presence of dust during the manufacturing processes is a constant menace to high quality. A high-voltage electronic apparatus has been developed which charge dust particles with electricity as they enter assembly rooms through the air ducts. The electrically charged dust is attracted to a collector plate where it stays until removed.

In plants that produce the thin steel of which "tin" cans are made an electronic eye inspects every square inch of the metal as it speeds out from between the final rollers. The eye automatically finds and marks even the tiniest pin hole in the sheet, effectively preventing the manufacture of useless and dangerous cans.

The electron tube has a field day in the food producing and packaging industries. It examines streams of candies on long conveyor belts, automatically discarding imperfect pieces. It fills ginger ale bottles to the proper level and passes them on for capping. It examines stores of nuts and fruits and picks out foreign articles that might slip by a human inspector. It controls the high-speed wrapping of scores of mass-produced foodstuffs.

That's another part of the electronics story. But there's still a lot to be told. In the field of medicine electronics is paving the way for new knowledge, new skills that will some day spell the end for many of the diseases that ravage mind and body.

Medical men can make stop-motion radiographic "snapshots" of the human heart in a fraction of a second. They can see that a bone is properly set, see how a broken rib is knitting. They can find gall stones, kidney stones, bladder stones; they can detect tuberculosis and silicosis in their early stages; they can discover ulcers and tumours that might not otherwise be discovered until too late; they can find bullets, metal splinters and other foreign bodies that may be embedded in the flesh.

Electron tubes can produce high-frequency currents that generate healing heat deep in human tissues. The electro-cardiograph, an electronic instrument, detects and amplifies electric currents generated by heart actions and records their variations on photographic paper. From this record physicians are able to learn the secrets of the heart's movements.

With the electron microscope, most recent electronic device to come to medicine's aid, doctors can look at typhoid and anthrax germs in structural form. It is possible that electronics will soon reveal the life processes of these germs — what they feed on, how they reproduce, and then how they may be destroyed forever.

Just the Beginning

And even that is just the beginning. Research engineers, notoriously cautious speechmakers in any case, are virtually tonguetied when the subject of electronics comes up. They have a vital world-force by the tail and they won't even begin to guess where they may be led. "I would not dare to say what I think electricity may do in the future" said Dr. W. R. Whitney, first director of the renowned General Electric Research Laboratories. "We are always supposing we have exhausted our knowledge in many directions. Discoveries are not terminals — they are fresh starting points from which we can climb to new knowledge."

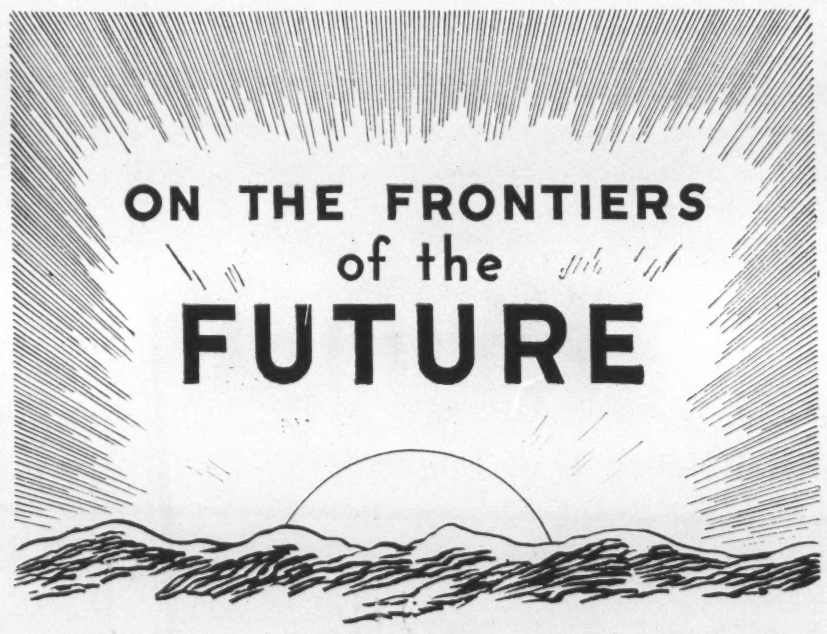
That is the outlook of Dr. Whitney's fellow pioneers in the new science of electronics. They can only surmise the electronic future, but they know the possibilities are vast.

It was only a few years ago that radio made its first, tremendous impact on the world. Already a new radio system, Frequency Modulation, has revolutionized the science of transmitting sound with its crystal-clear, staticless reception even in spite of Nature's lightning and sunspots, or man's electric razors and dial telephones. Already television has brought a complete training course to thirty thousand air raid wardens gathered before receiving sets in fire halls and police stations in New York.

Today the electronics industry is totally at war — and doing a tremendous job. Tomorrow it will bring its wonders to the everyday world of peaceful living. We will get our staticless radios and our television, our ships that fear no hidden iceberg and our planes that can land completely blind, as safe in fog as in sunlight.

And we may get things as far beyond the layman's comprehension as the wireless transmission of power. Scientists claim that no one now dares to say it can't be done. They claim that their new art, their science of electronics, knows but one limit — the limit of man's imagination.

Where color is not a consideration: this young West Indies woman in an English war factory does her "bit" at a tire re-treading bench while her husband does his with the RAF.



Liability assurance is no rich man's paradise. It never has been. It was motivated in the beginning by the same impulse as that which made the pioneers of early days of the West group their covered wagons together before they started on their hazardous journeys. Singly they were defenseless; together they could hope to overcome the risks.

So with The Employers', though the risks they faced were from fire and casualty. These early "employers" who grouped themselves together for mutual protection were pioneering on the frontiers of commercial and industrial enterprise. They used their initiative to protect what they had established by toil and ingenuity.

Today commerce and industry stand upon new and no less hazardous frontiers. The future is unpredictable. But the personal enterprise and initiative which have been our successful driving power in the past are our best assurance that we, in our turn, shall devise means flexible enough and strong enough to overcome the difficulties of the future.

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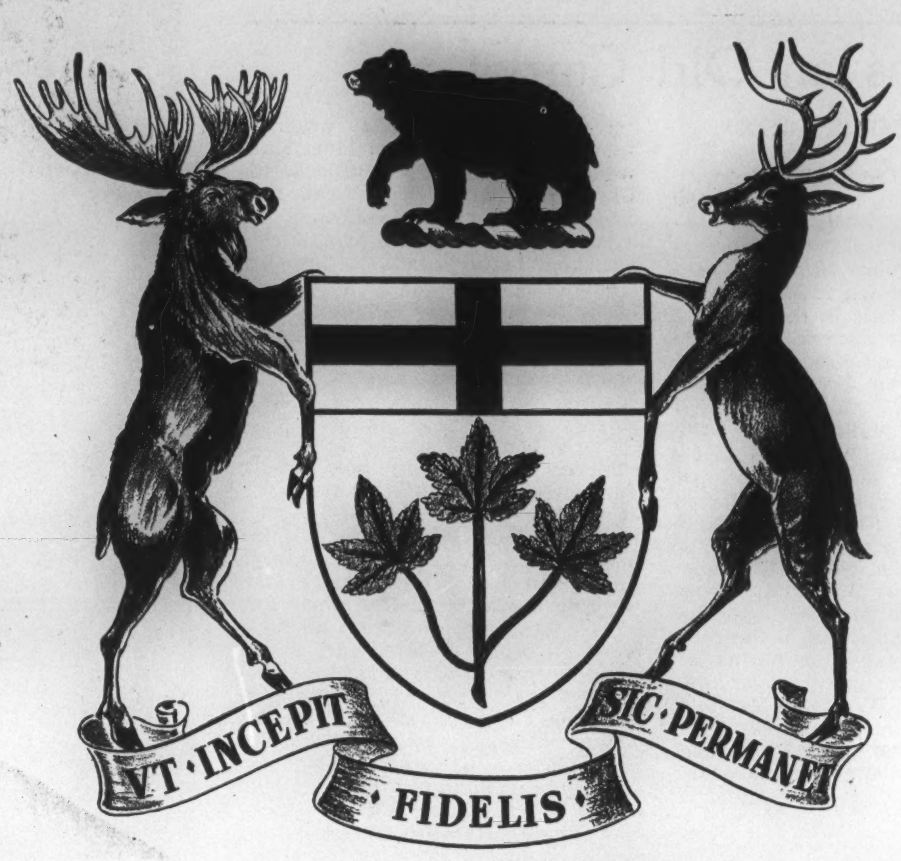
THINK

Every last dollar we save now and invest in Victory Bonds will help to make Canada a better home for our fighting men to return to; and make that return home come more quickly.

BUSINESS INTERNATIONAL MACHINES



Come on Ontario!

ONTARIO has done well in her contribution of manpower and resources to the prosecution of the war. Ontario must do still more in providing the sinews of war, by supporting the Fourth Victory Loan to the limit of the ability of every citizen. Our men in the fighting services will give all they have. Our people on the Home Front can do no less.

The Fourth Victory Loan is your opportunity to join with the Navy, the Army and Air Force in an all-out offensive. You cannot be there in person, but your dollars can be there for you, and will provide the materials and munitions so vital to the success of the armed forces.

The Government of Ontario is backing the Loan by the investment of $5,000,000 in the new Victory Bonds. This is Ontario's official contribution towards strengthening the hands of the Dominion Government in its tremendous task of financing the total war effort that is needed. It is the tangible pledge of the Ontario Government that it will co-operate to the fullest possible extent with the Dominion Government in the drive for final victory.

The action of the Government of Ontario is designed to give practical leadership to all the citizens of the Province, and should be an example and an inspiration to our people to accept this Fourth Victory Loan as a personal challenge to do their part to "Back the Attack" and hasten the day of Victory.

As the old Parish Rector said at the close of the remarkable film, "Mrs. Miniver", "This is the people's war! It is our war. We are the fighters. Fight it, then. Fight it with all that is in us."

We, the people of Ontario, must fight it with our dollars. Your purchases of Victory Bonds will help to send Ontario over the top again in support of our fighting men. They will do their part when the time of attack comes. We must do ours to-day.

G. D. CONANT,
Premier, Province of Ontario.

BUY MORE Victory BONDS!

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

NAME IN THE NEWS

"Cliff" Clark Has an Old Carpet

BY COROLYN COX

WHEREVER those new carpets may be that have so concerned members of the House recently, none has found its place under the Victorian desk of William Clifford Clark, Deputy Minister of Finance. No ostentation of any sort, spiritual or material, has crept into his slightly shabby room in the old fashioned East Block, with its Hick-town coat and hat tree in one corner, and the floorcovering—it was probably a carpet thirty years ago,—patched in several places. Just beside the Deputy's desk, to save him tripping on his nose, a particularly nasty three way rip has been nailed down with a fleet of solid spikes. But about the best head work in the Dominion goes on in this room.

The word "Finance" to the general public connotes wealth; experts on finance would be presumably men practiced in gathering lots of it to themselves. Clifford Clark is neither a wealthy man, nor does he, in his post as permanent civil service head of the Department of Finance, either collect or spend the astronomical sums currently being gathered out of the taxpayers of the Dominion. He qualifies, however, among the first half-dozen of the world's expert economists and financial advisers.

"Cliff-Clark" — it makes a good title name to begin with—is the journalist's dream of a Canadian success story. He was born fifty-four years ago on a farm down in Martintown, which is just a spot in the midst of the Glengarry settlement. One side of the family came direct from Scotland, the other lot were stiff-necked British folk who traipsed up from the Mohawk Valley after the colonial revolution. On his father's two-hundred-acre dairy farm, Clark got round among the cows at five o'clock in the morning, learned patience and persistence picking stones out of the fields. The one-room-one-teacher country school started his education. When he finished there he had to set forth every Monday morning with a basket of provisions to take in to a boarding-house keeper in Williamstown, who cooked up for him during the week, thus providing his room and board for about two dollars a month, while he attended the local high school.

A Scholarship

At the end of his high school course, a queer thing happened to Clark. Nobody in his community had ever gone to college up till then, and here he was with the McLennan Glengarry scholarship, set up by that great old Glengarrian, R. R. McLennan, so that "the sons" might profit by his considerable accumulation of wealth resulting from fortuitously made railroad contracts. It was *the* McLennan, world's champion 16-lb. shot-putter, who did it. Clark had never seen a town larger than the Cornwall of that day when he went on to Kingston to investigate what was this institution, Queen's University, in which he was now covered for four years' study.

For this green young man it was boarding house again, eating the landlady's prunes and no soaring of ideas, no luxury, no spoiling, but a very friendly association with four or five other lads in your boarding house every year and with the slightly larger group of nearby lodgers all going to Queen's.

Clark had the brains all right, achieved an M.A. in four years. There was simplicity and hard work at Queen's. There was also O. D. Skelton. Clark came under his influence through a debating society. There had never been before and there never was thereafter a man for whose judgment, integrity and intellectual capacity he felt such great respect. Intercollegiate debates stimulated Clark's interest in politics and economics, Skelton stirred him to pursue whatever really interested him, and he wound up not a mining engineer, as he had first planned, but winner of a scholarship that took him down to Harvard University to do postgraduate economics under the great Professor Taussig, a man he found much like Dr. Skelton.

Harvard Graduate School was Democracy embodied. Clark's brains really rung the bell at Harvard, and Taussig tried to keep him below the line, prophesying a great career. However, inherent Canadianism proved stronger, and Clark responded to Skelton's invitation to return to the staff of Queen's University. He had, during his undergraduate days, become awake to Canada's possibilities, partly through augmenting his scholarship stipend by teaching in the western summer schools, deliberately choosing first an old settled area, then a ranching and finally a wheat district. He had also done a short term up in the northern mining centre, Haileybury.

Joined Investment Firm

From 1915 to '23 Clark lectured at Queen's, made a considerable reputation as a professor, became director of the courses in commerce and administration. Rather tired out at the end of term in 1923, he welcomed the idea of change when an invitation came to join an investment firm in Chicago as economic advisor. He went to S. W. Straus and Co. on a good salary, and after two or three years in Chicago was summoned to New York, where he became the close friend and trusted advisor of Straus Senior. The firm specialized in real estate and mortgage bonds, and was, in fact, a unique and very successful business. Clark, great admirer of the U.S. construction device, wrote an authoritative treatise titled "The Skyscraper", in which he carried out a theoretical project in erecting a seventy-odd story building on a given plot, analyzing the economic and social implications of covering so many offices and businesses by vertical elevator transportation as contrasted to horizontal transportation costs in time, money and so forth with emphasis on the social controls necessary to make tall buildings a success.

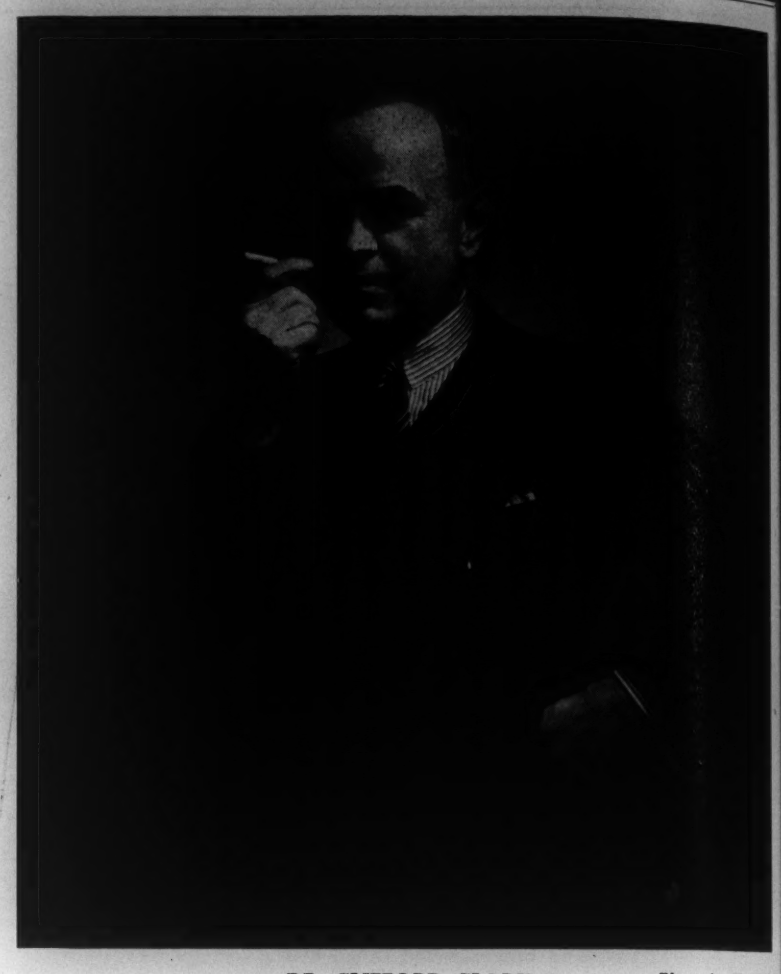
Clark had a serious bout in 1931 with his chronic physical enemy, osteo-arthritis. For six months he was flat on his back, and when he returned to Queen's University for the quieter life of a professor, he started to classes on crutches. By the time of the Imperial Conference of 1932, he was back to fair shape, could accept Mr. Bennett's invitation to come to Ottawa as financial advisor to the Government during those negotiations.

No doubt the fact that O. D. Skelton was then Undersecretary of State for External Affairs accounted for Clark coming to Ottawa and meeting Mr. Bennett personally, but his complete winning of that gentleman's confidence as an economic advisor was a tribute to his own brains.

Following October, this professor from the hotbed of Laurier Liberalism known as Queen's University was appointed Deputy Minister of Finance by Conservative Bennett.

In his quiet way, Clark has proven himself one of the ablest men Ottawa has ever had, built a name equal to anybody in the world in his field. The report of Lord MacMillan on a Central Bank he translated into the mind of R. B. Bennett, with the Bank of Canada as the result. Equally trusted and respected by Mr. King when he succeeded Mr. Bennett, Clark worked through the amendments making the Bank wholly government-owned. His National Housing Act, through which government participates in housing loans through insurance companies, thus facilitating owner-occupied homes, has been a brilliant success and is universally credited to Clark's originality of economic thinking. With the outbreak of war came Foreign Exchange Control Board, and the succession of economic controls that have governed our progress through the turmoil of world conflict.

Finance Department *per se*, outside the large accounting section that is the Controller of the Treasury's field, is small. Before the war it numbered perhaps two hundred, and there are not many more now with a half dozen or so able lieutenants



DR. CLIFFORD CLARK *Photo by Karsh.*

THE OTHER PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Other Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Other Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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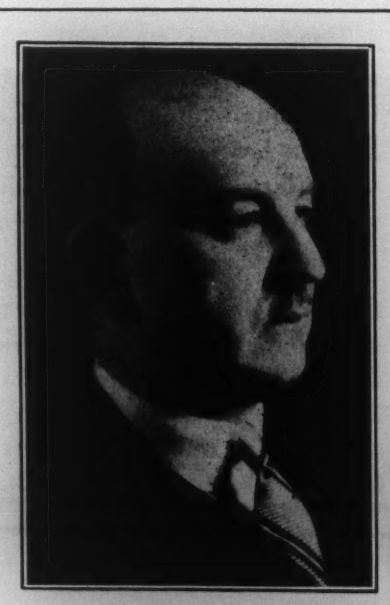


Elected to North American Life Board

(Left) **Gaston Pratte** of Quebec City, President of Pratte & Co. Ltd., and (right) **Horatio Ray Milner, K.C.**, member of the legal firm, Milner, Star, Poirer, Martland & Bowker of Edmonton, Alta., whose election to the Board of Directors of North American Life Assurance Company is announced.

GOLD AND DROSS

Your money is important. That is why each week in "Gold and Dross" we tell you what and what not to invest it in. And we try to do it as sagaciously and as expertly as possible. This requires patient and painstaking investigation and careful judgment, but the sound reputation of "Gold and Dross" built up over a number of years—more than we care to remember—has justified our effort and been our reward.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

around the Deputy Minister. It is the thinking and planning nerve of government that neither collects nor spends money, but tells others how to do these things. It holds tremendous responsibility, creates the framework in which everything is done. It does not need executive or administrative types of officers—customs and income tax departments use those. Finance Department needs and has at its head a man of first-rate imagination. He must be able to balance the probabilities, see things before they happen. Dr. Clark's combination of brilliant mind, vigor and capacity for work would have brought him to the top in any field. Coming to Ottawa in the depths of the depression, he displayed a pioneering sense, dared try new methods for getting us back on the track. He has helped his Minister tackle war problems with vast aggressive programs of price and wage control, taxation policy that pays for the war largely out of public savings, all of which has kept the country's economy under control, has already proven of infinite value. Should we carry it through to the end of the conflict, we should, he feels, be in a position to build up a better country than we have ever known. Should we relapse into the old inflation scheme of the last war, post-war problems would probably be unsolvable.

Dr. Clark is hopeful that we shall stand firm on our policy of control, stand a good chance of a greater and better Canada hereafter, and of solving all our problems in a sensible, intelligent fashion. Head of a committee on post-war problems, he has little to say as yet over the stabilization of the world's currencies presumably under discussion in Washington. The British have a plan—the United States has a plan. One thing is certain, Canada, as represented by Dr. Clark, is never asked to take a back seat when finance is under discussion, either in Washington or in London.

• •

Builder of Men

BY HAL MILLER

COLONEL C. G. M. GRIER, former headmaster of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, director of Army Cadets in Canada, knows the value of cadet training for boys.

He received cadet training as a youth and he recalls that this early military experience stood him in good stead when he became a soldier in the Great War. He was mentioned in despatches and wounded three times.

It was Bishop's College School that trained Lt.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, commander of the 1st Canadian Army, Lt.-Gen. Kenneth Stuart, chief of the general staff, and many others serving as soldiers, sailors and airmen.

The school for the last seven years has won the Strathcona prize for Cadet Corps efficiency in Quebec, although it is not in any sense a military institution.

As headmaster, Col. Grier sought to build men with a greater consciousness of their responsibility to their fellowmen and to their country.

He did not go into the profession of teaching to train boys to go to war. Yet he has always felt the need of impressing upon all, old as well as young, the need for the utmost in service if the war is to be won.

Addressing the school's prize ceremony, Col. Grier expressed this thought:

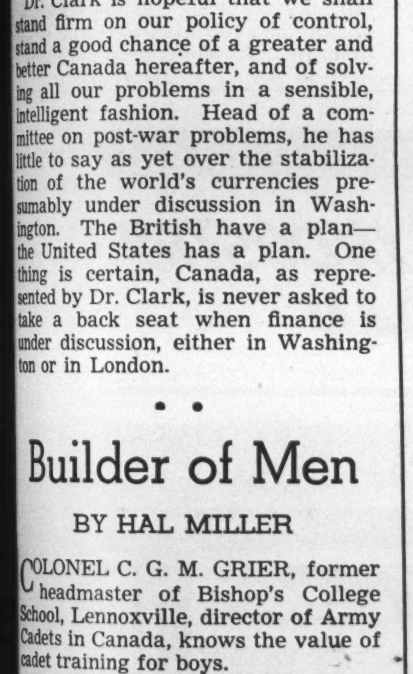
"My argument is simply this: That the issue of this whole war lies in the word 'conscience,' and if there be found among the democratic millions, here and elsewhere, enough men to have some conscience in what they do, we may pull ourselves together in time to win".

He has long realized the importance of education in an all-out war effort, declaring of his own school:

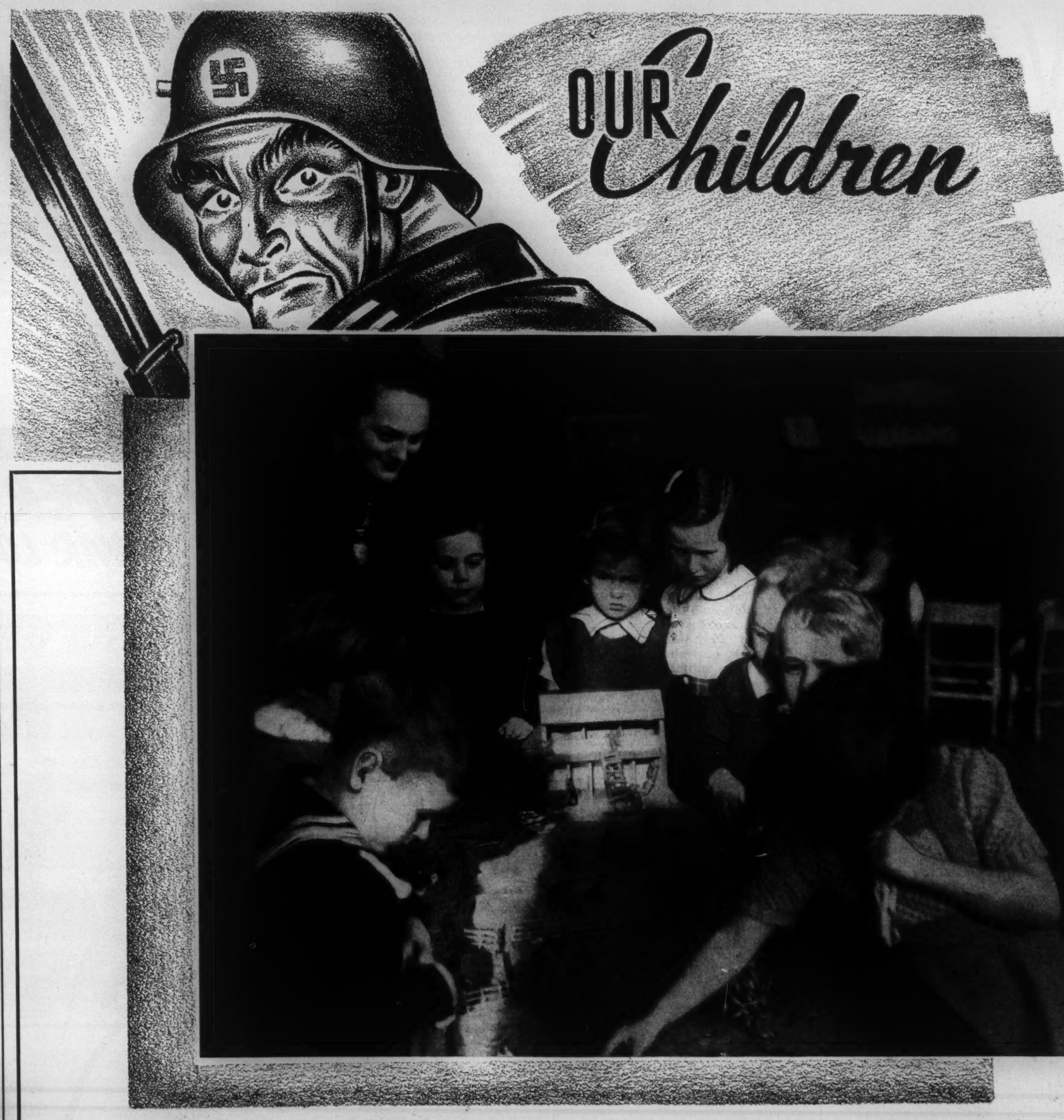
"This school is no longer sequestered, isolated. It lives in contact with human affairs. Most of its boys are thinkers. For many of its boys there will be war instead of university. Its responsibility has doubled, trebled, quadrupled. It must develop the intellect, and discipline the character. It must teach its boys to recognize and loathe the half truth and the tacit lie: to understand the harmfulness of gossip: to tolerate the just cause and an honest point of view: to be intolerant of unfairness and deceit. It must steel the sinews of the mind against taking the line of least resistance."

These are virtues, Col. Grier believes that can be influenced by cadet training.

The cadet training syllabus now consists of a minimum of 130 hours a year, not including time to be spent in camp, and the cadet director believes that it will help to emphasize true ideals of citizenship and democracy.



Col. C. G. M. Grier



TODAY in our schools and homes our children are being prepared for the rewards of Victory not for the fruits of Defeat . . Their laughter and their games are the laughter and the games of a free country where no dictator goose steps their spirit.

In their classrooms their little minds and souls are not being twisted and betrayed by a godless man . . by the hideous falsities of a fuerher into following a gospel of hate, plunder and persecution. In their shining eyes there is no fear. There is no hatred in their warm young hearts . . They are a symbol of freedom and a symbol of the free homes wherein they were begotten and will be nurtured to decent manhood and womanhood.

VICTORY HAS NOT YET BEEN WON.
THESE ARE AS YET PERILOUS HOURS.

From the front line of battle there comes a call for all the aid we can give to our sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, husbands and fathers in the armed forces. But just as loudly call the voices of multitudes of these little innocent children at home who as yet know not the fate which awaits them should we fail.

LET US HEED THE CALL.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY THE NEW VICTORY BONDS

George Weston Limited

LATEST WAR BOOKS

"Japan First," and the Story of the Tokyo Raid

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

ARE WE WINNING THE HARD WAY? by Major Wheeler-Nicholson. (Oxford, $3.75.)

BLUEPRINT FOR VICTORY, by Homer Brett. (Ryerson, $2.25.)

TORPEDO JUNCTION, by Robert Casey. (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50.)

IT MUST have struck everyone who has read closely the history of the last war that each general or admiral just naturally considered his theatre of war the vital one, and wanted to concentrate there first. General MacArthur's recent clamor for more tools with which to strike at the Japs in the South-West Pacific would be entirely understandable on this score alone; while to the Australian leaders the real war, the urgent war, must be the one which is pressing down against their northern coasts.

In the first two books of this review we have other reasons presented for concentrating on defeating Japan first—reasons exactly opposed. Major Wheeler-Nicholson's *Are We Winning The Hard Way?* has a rather panicky background. He sees the Germans threatening Eastern American cities with the 5-ton bombloads of Dornier 217's (which will only carry 3¼ tons to Britain) and Heinkel 177's (which might drop a couple of tons on New York but couldn't get home again), but decides that the Japanese threat to continental U.S. through Alaska and Northwestern Canada is far more immediate.

Anti-Jap 14 Points

For this reason American strategy should "contain" Germany and "allow her to perish normally of her own frustration", and concentrate on the "more deeply rooted and fanatic" Japanese. If this is not done he fears that a victorious America "exhausted by the terrific struggle which it will inevitably take to down the Nazis" (who were "perishing normally" six pages earlier) will allow the Japs to exact a favorable peace and retain the bulk of their loot.

There are 14 points to his argument why Japan is so dangerous, the gist of it being that in a year or two she could develop her conquests so as to make herself "defensively impregnable" and provide "irresistible means for expansion." Following scientific rules of strategy (propounded in previous chapters of this volume) the author sees Japan, having taken all the preliminary steps in the South-West Pacific, now preparing to strike a "devastating" blow against her principal enemy.

To do this she will invade Alaska and press on rapidly with air-borne troops to seize Fort Norman oil and establish bombing bases in the neighborhood of Fort Providence, or perhaps still further south. From here, "with little risk", she will heavily bomb Seattle (950 miles), Detroit (1950 miles), "and even New York" (2650 miles). Alaska is "weak and vulnerable" (people living in Edmonton, who have seen the stuff going up there don't think it can be), and there is not a day or an hour to be lost in strengthening it.

Japanese Strength

Doubtless the writer finds confirmation for his theory in the Jap preparation of landing strips in the Aleutians. But I can't say that I am much impressed with either the argument that Japan can draw "impregnable" strength from her conquests within a year or two, or the terrible threat of Japanese bombing power from Alaska and the North-West Territories. Japan has not the industrial resources to develop her conquests quickly and on a great scale; and her shipping, the artery through which the resources must flow to Japan and the industrial extract back to the fighting fronts, is being whittled away steadily. And after all, supposing she has 90 per cent of the world's natural rubber and 70 per cent of the tin: she can't eat the one or make planes out of the other.

Far from displaying a great long-range bombing power, her air strength is visibly declining and her ratio of losses rising in every battle, as she loses her best airmen and the Americans gain practice and introduce superior new planes. Only Britain, of all the belligerents, has been able to build up a really powerful long-range bombing force, and consider what a large part of her resources, infinitely greater than Japan's, it took to do this. Even so, when the RAF carries out an effective raid over a distance of 700 miles, not 2700, it never fails to call attention to the exceptional difficulties of such a feat.

Homer Brett is concerned, not with defending America, but with attacking Japan. He would concentrate on this now, not because Japan is such a terrible menace, but because he believes her much the weaker of the Axis partners, and wants to clear our back, and that of Russia, so that we can turn our whole strength towards defeating Germany.

Here is a little book full of homely wisdom on how we got where we are today, (in 1923 "we mistakenly sent help to the Japanese, instead of to the earthquake"!) and how to get ourselves out of it as soon as possible —for the author believes, with the reviewer, that a prolonged war will greatly endanger the civilization we are fighting to preserve. He hasn't much confidence that America's sexagenarian generals and admirals, with their experience of "signing vouchers for 40 years", are the fighting leaders to get the war over quickly. They naturally tend towards excessive caution, and distrust new methods.

The Aleutians are to Homer Brett not so much a threat of Japanese invasion—than which he believes "nothing better for us could happen" —as a criminally neglected avenue for our attack against Japan. Via the Aleutians it is 5000 miles from San Francisco to Yokohama; via Australia, Batavia, Singapore and Manila it is 20,000 miles. Along the latter route all the strong points are in enemy hands; along the former we would have the cover of our own air power for all but the last 1000 miles—once we retook Kiska.

Short, Direct Route

This view I share wholeheartedly, approaching Japan by the short, direct route from Alaska and Pearl Harbor, clearing a broad salient in the North Pacific by retaking Wake and Kiska, and sending U.S. naval power, monthly stronger in aircraft-carriers, out into this salient to threaten Japan and force the Japanese Navy and air power into decisive action. After that, a landing at Paramushiro, the Japanese base on the northernmost of the Kurille Islands, which stretch from Japan up to the tip of Kamchatka, and a heavy bombing of Japan from there.

Brett believes that the U.S. is being properly fooled by the Japanese strategists, with their feints against India and Australia which have drawn thousands of American soldiers and their equipment to those places. Here these American forces are so distant from Japan that they represent no real threat, and the Nipponese are left with the initiative. This initiative the author believes they will use to pursue their first and main object of defeating the Chinese.

He would busy himself trying to fool the Japanese. Instead of priding ourselves on the truth of our propaganda, and telling the world the exact bomber production of Willow Run, and so on, he would do just the opposite.

He would "stuff the Japanese with false news", let it seep out that the people in America were starving, workmen were striking, that there were anti-war demonstrations in the streets, mutinies in the army and navy, that people were fleeing inland from the Pacific Coast, and the whole United States was on the verge of disintegration. "This would be the best possible preparation for an overwhelming air raid on the cities of Japan."

"Japan," he says, "is one country that could be conquered by air power, and we have the air power." Here is the only weak spot in the book: the assumption, repeated time and again, that "the bombers coming off the line

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But every bond we buy is a one-way ticket to Victory. It will help us travel the road to Peace that much quicker. So buy a Bond NOW . . . Make it a BIG one—Later, when *pleasure* excursions are again in style, you can use it for that big trip you have always wanted.

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WITHOUT PAPER we could have no war loan ... the country could not function .. the war effort would bog down. The workers in the pulp and paper industry have an enviable record in supporting previous loans. They can be depended on to do their bit in this one as well.
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at Willow Run" have the range to carry a useful load of bombs to Tokyo and back, from Dutch Harbor (2900 miles) or Kiska (2100 miles). The Liberator possesses no such range, and the Fortress still less; for raids from the Aleutians against Japanese cities Mr. Brett will have to wait for the new and bigger Boeing, Consolidated and Douglas bombers. But he wouldn't wait; he would press on to Paramushiro.

To make up for this lapse in accuracy there is a splendid section on Jap shipping resources and building capacity, from which he concludes that this is her Achilles heel, and "an American bomb on a Jap cargo ship is a magnificent investment." I doubt if the reader will find a more sensible or readable book on how to beat Japan.

The Raid on Tokyo

Casey's *Torpedo Junction,* a fascinating day by day account of a correspondent's travels with Admiral Halsey's carrier striking force from Pearl Harbor through the Battle of Midway, fully backs up Brett's ideas on beating Japan by bold naval and aerial action.

Picking up this book for the third or fourth time I found buried in the middle of it, between a raid on Wake Island and a long run down to join in the Battle of the Coral Sea, *a full account of the Tokyo raid,* which was only officially released last week. That is, Casey tells everything except that the Tokyo bombers were actually launched by one of their carriers.

But here it is. The section is headed "Mystery Cruise." Leaving Pearl Harbor (in Navy slang, "Torpedo Junction") on April 8, he was resigned to another "Punch and Judy show." He thought they were probably going back to take another crack at Wake. Once at sea, he asked the captain, and made the interesting discovery that the latter knew no more about it than he did.

By next day he observed, with mild interest, that their course, if it remained unchanged, would take them directly into Yokohama harbor. Commander John Ford, of Hollywood, who was aboard his cruiser, opined that it was "some sort of suicide." The following day it was colder and their course was set northwest, about on a line for Kamchatka. At this time, being beyond the cover of the Midway Patrol, they began taking extraordinary precautions, setting reveille ahead from 6 a.m. to 4.20.

Out here, in this wide and lonely sea, coming ever closer to the enemy's guns and bombs, "Jack Benny didn't sound very funny." On April 13 they met up with a new force of cruisers and destroyers (he doesn't mention another carrier, but slips an illusion to this past the censors in a later spot. The second carrier, with the big bombers, on deck, would not have shown itself in Jap-filled Hawaii).

Two days later they were about 1500 miles east of Japan. Cruising at an economical speed of say 18 knots, in order to conserve their oil supplies for an emergency, one can reckon on a normal day's run of 450-500 miles, reduced in this case by "a howling, frightening wind, and a pitching sea." Indicating the size of their force, he alludes to "the clutter of ships between here and the horizon." But on April 17, "the mystery deepens; nobody seems to know what we're doing or why."

Next day came the big show. It was bitterly cold, with a howling wind, a gray sky and a pitching sea. Water a couple of feet deep rolled down the deck. Not exactly the kind of weather for operating carrier planes. The carrier was, however, "sending up a lot—I don't know what that proves except that planes will actually fly in this soup. I wouldn't have believed it." Then a Jap destroyer and later two trawlers were sighted, and set upon furiously. In the official account, which has now been published, it is assumed that these were sunk before they could give radio warning.

The day had now turned out glorious, except for an earsplitting wind. "The carrier moved out a lot of Douglas scout bombers; these took the air *along with a couple of squadrons already aloft.*" Here we appear to have the 16 Tokyo raiders. The only catch is that this happened at 1.30 p.m., and he notes at 2.30 that the Tokyo radio announced an air raid. "Excuse us, please, for wondering if by chance our journey up here might have been synchronized to this raid for some purpose."

Jap Morale

Then followed "the weird experience of listening to what you might call Japan's Pearl Harbor. There at sea we got perspectives on the raid that never did come out in the official reports." Whatever might have been the material damage, the effect on Japanese morale was devastating. On the home radio a shrieking woman broke in, hour after hour, calling for blood donors. (The captain of Casey's cruiser, among others understood Japanese, and interpreted for them).

Clearly guessing as to the identity of the planes, the Jap announcers first spoke of "this armada of Chinese, Russian and American planes", 9 of which were shot down, and scores more driven off. They spoke of the possibility that they might have come from China, or from the Aleutians, or from a secret airfield in Japan proper. Apparently the size of the raiding planes had them buffaloed. But they were ready for any future attacks, with a plane "which combined the best characteristics of the British Hurricane and the American Flying Fortress." Some plane!

All this time Japanese ship and shore radios had been operating "wide open", in plain language, instead of code. By midnight the trend of the Jap talk was towards hunting down a "super-carrier" capable of launching big bombers, with a flight deck a quarter of a mile long! How the B-25's took off from the Hornet's 800-foot deck is still something of a mystery, but the high wind—which the Americans may have calculated on having—probably had a lot to do with it. By this time the Japs had got around to developing some photographs, and announced that the raiders were American B-25's—a plane a little bigger than the Wellington.

So there was the whole story, in print for a couple of months past. Anyone who wants to get the real feel of the Pacific War, and the activities of the American Navy, and its air arm, which will play the chief part in deciding it, can hardly do better than read Casey, who has the experience of the collapse of France and the naval war in the Mediterranean behind him, and a healthy skepticism helped out by a nice turn of wit.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT

(Author of "The Little White Bird.")

LONG, blithe letters came to me
year by year,
Only one in a twelvemonth, but
so gay
That the very thought of it lighted the weary way
Week after week when the world
was sombre and gray.
Though she was miles afar, she was
always here.

First as a bride; her happy smile to
a friend.
Then as a mother, praising her
baby's eyes,
Telling how fair she was, how
clever and wise.
Then as a Granny, bursting with
sweet surprise
That Mary's David had come at the
mad world's end.

Every year till a generation had fled
Came the letter, a sheet of laughter and song.
She was poetical. Spondees rippled along,
Never a word ill-chosen, a quantity wrong,
Singing of youth, when the stuff of
it was dead.

Only to-day—for the letter had not
appeared—
Only today I hear that she writes
no more.
Cold she lies by the blue St. Lawrence shore.
But oh, the chalice of love and
song she bore
Spills yet its nectar on every soul she
cheered.

J. E. MIDDLETON.

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Opportunity to shape our own future—to develop and enjoy the boundless possibilities of our natural resources and our vastly diversified industries.

Opportunity such as our forefathers could not even dimly have foreseen—which now belongs to those who fight and work to preserve it.

This is our Freedom—possessed by every Canadian—to be defended at whatever cost or sacrifice.

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WARTIME GARDENS

Queen of Garden Flowers

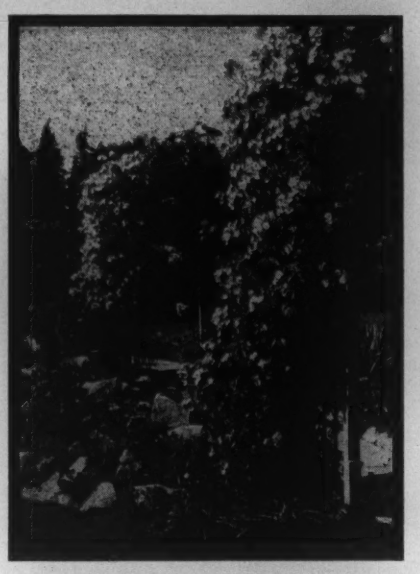
BY COLLIER STEVENSON

THE symbolic rose of old England is the universally acknowledged queen of all garden flowers; not because of its traditional symbolism, but because of its unsurpassed beauty, its infinite variety. The rose, moreover, apart from its regal reputation, has a very real and widespread popularity; for, like the best-known, best-loved queen of today, the rose is notable for its democracy, its complete adaptability under all circumstances. Thus, it thrives in small gardens and large. And there are varieties that will withstand well the severe climatic conditions to which many parts of Canada are subject, just as other less hardy varieties will respond better where the climate is relatively mild. Roses, indeed, are so varied in type that there is a wealth from which to select for almost any section, whether they are to be used informally on arbors, walls or fences, or for formal plantings in groupings, beds or hedges.

One thing, though, must be emphasized: roses, being greedy feeders, will produce the best results only when grown in a rich loam. That indicates the importance of preparing any proposed location for roses well in advance of planting; several weeks ahead, according to some authorities. The ground should be dug up to a depth of from 18 to 24 inches, and about one-third of the bulk of this soil replaced by well-rotted cow manure, or one-fourth of the soil if well-rotted horse manure is to be used. In locations where the soil is inclined to sogginess, it is desirable to remove all the earth to a depth of 2 feet, line the bottom of the excavation with cinders or gravel to assure drainage, then fill with the manure-enriched soil.

IF IT IS NOT possible to plant roses immediately after delivery, their roots should be buried in a shallow trench and covered with boards or burlap. Then, during the planting, it is well to carry the roses in a bucket of water to avoid the roots drying out. The individual holes should be dug wide and deep enough to take care of the roots naturally and without any crowding. Fine soil should be worked in and tamped down between the roots, and the hole filled gradually. When the hole is three-quarters full, the soil can be pounded down by foot. At this stage, too, the hole is filled with water: and, when all this water has been absorbed, the balance of the earth is thrown in (but not tamped down) up to the normal grade line.

The top inch or two of the soil of a rose bed ought to be cultivated every week, and the ground watered thoroughly. Much of the time and effort involved in this cultivation can be avoided if, about the beginning of June, the rose bed is covered with a 2-inch mulch of peat moss, grass-clippings or well-rotted, strawy manure. Healthy growth can be stimulated further by working about each rose plant a trowelful of sheep manure and a trowelful of bone meal twice each season.



Several ornamental arbors wreathed in climbing roses add to the colorful charm of the pictured garden.

NATURALLY, the requirements of winter protection will vary according to the roses selected and the section of the country in which they are to be grown. Pruning, too, is subject to the special needs of various roses. These two important matters, therefore, always should be discussed with the responsible growers from whom roses are purchased. And, obviously, anyone who wants to have real success with roses, should get off to a good start by avoiding "bargains", by buying only roses from sources which have a reputation to maintain.

The care of even the best of roses, however, can't be left to blind chance if flowers and foliage are to attain and retain their ultimate in attractiveness. Frequent spraying is one essential, and for this purpose there is a nicotine-base concentrate which when added to water and a little soap is destructive to the plant lice, or aphis, that so commonly attack roses. Spraying should be begun in the early spring and repeated at intervals of ten days to two weeks through the rest of the growing season. Sprinkling the plants with powdered sulphur every two weeks is recommended as a means of controlling mildew, another rose enemy. To cope with mildew there also is a commercial dusting powder.

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EVERGREENS

add tremendously to the aesthetic, and greatly to the intrinsic value of the property. In selecting varieties, habit of growth and ultimate height should be given consideration. For specimens, colour, form and leaf texture must be the deciding factor. Hedges demand the use of varieties that will withstand close clipping, while the quicker and taller growing trees can be used for boundary plantings and windscreens.

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THE THEATRE

A Chekhov Play is All of a Piece

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

ONE of my first theatrical experiences in Toronto was witnessing the first performance here of "The Doll's House," which did not draw a very large nor a very enthusiastic house. My latest—this week's offering is not exactly an experience—was the first performance here of "The Three Sisters" by Anton Chekhov, which last week drew a crammed but still far from enthusiastic house. I say the first performance, though I have not the full record before me; it was at any rate the first performance by a great cast, and the Chekhov plays cannot be performed without a great cast; they are not meat for amateurs.

The size of the audience was due to the fact that practically all of the dozen important people in the cast have great cinema reputations. The greatness of the performances was due to the entirely different fact that they are all first-rate actors and are under admirable direction. The coldness of the audience was due to the fact that the play represents a new field of subject-matter and a new technique of exposition; but in part also, it must be confessed, to the fact that it was never intended for performance in a house the size of a small grand opera house.

These two plays, or rather the two groups of masterpieces by Ibsen and Chekhov to which they belong, tower over the rest of the European drama of the past century as Brahms and Wagner tower over the musical composers. They are the permanences amid a vast mass of perishables. I am as convinced of the permanence of "The Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard" today as I was of that of "The Doll's House" and "Ghosts" in the 'nineties. It is true that "The Three Sisters" is only just over forty years old, and that Prince Mirsky writing of Chekhov in the last *Britannica* said that in 1926 his fame was probably at its apex; but it has certainly not begun to decline in the intervening seventeen years, and if I am still able to drag myself to a theatre when "The Three Sisters" next comes here I shall certainly do so.

FOR, as James Agate once put it when comparing the Russian playwright with the clever Miss Dodie Smith, "A Chekhov play is all of a piece; it is one lot of soil out of which everything grows naturally." The characters live, not each separately to himself, but all *in the play*, so that you can watch each and every one of them undergoing the influence of all the others just as plants in a bed are influenced by their neighbors. And the tremendous poignancy of the plays is largely due to the way in which this sense of being planted out, of being crowded upon and influenced by—and influencing — a great many other people and being unable to escape from their contact, enhances the contrasting sense of spiritual isolation, of the ultimate loneliness of the soul.

The process which is exhibited to us in the Chekhovian flowerbed is always a process of deterioration. It is always a group of finer characters being steadily diminished and disintegrated by the pressures around them, pressures proceeding largely from the less fine and the more cruel. The forces of evil contaminate, and when they cannot contaminate they destroy. (It was not wholly inappropriate that "The Three Sisters" was presented here on Holy Thursday and Good Friday.) In such a world the soul cries out, in its moments of realization, for some assurance that there is a purpose, a meaning, to the apparent futility—as *Olga* cries out in the closing scene of this play. And Chekhov gives no answer.

No answer? Perhaps that is not wholly true. That outcry is immediately preceded by a scene whose poignancy, at first not deeply impressive, bites deeper into the mind with every successive recollection of it. This is the scene in which the silly little schoolmaster, knowing that his wife *Masha* has just said a final farewell to her lover and is in the most desperate agony of spirit, enacts for her the childish trick of one of his pupils in an effort to divert her mind. A world in which simple people, naturally and simply, do things like that is not a world that we need be ashamed to live in. On the other hand it is not a world to be Pollyannish about, and I am afraid that Toronto does like its theatre a bit Pollyannish.

Miss Cornell has always seemed to me to reach her results by will and intellectuality rather than depth of feeling, and I thought that her *Masha* was a little harder than necessary, but it was superbly modelled, and its deterioration towards the close was perfectly suggested. The cast as a whole was unbelievable; a large part of it must have been recruited by sheer desire to act in a masterpiece, with no thought of the cash consideration. The cleverness of Ruth Gordon in conveying an essentially Russian vulgarity by devices of accent and manner that fell just short of being too American was astounding; in its outward manifestations vulgarity tends to be pretty special to each nation.

As the house was crammed at each performance I cannot wish that it had had larger audiences; but I do wish they had included more of the people who would have enjoyed what was by all odds the finest intellectual entertainment of the last ten years.

THERE is plenty of variety at the Royal Alexandra these days. The Chekhov play was succeeded, during the current week, by a farce-comedy by the authors of "My Sister Eileen," which in turn will be succeeded next week by a showing "for adults only" of the film which made Hedy Lamarr famous and which is entitled "Ecstasy." After "Ecstasy," grand opera. And so the world goes on.

"Junior Miss," by Chodorov and Fields, is better workmanship than "My Sister Eileen," which began brilliantly and petered out owing to absence of plot. "Junior Miss" has quite a bit of plot, which grows in interest up to a very lively last act. Its theme is the endeavors of two movie-fed adolescent damsels (thirteen years old) to straighten out an imaginary "situation" in the household to which one of them belongs. The company is competent, and more than competently directed; but this is not to say that it gets all the value out of the script that a New York company would be able to. Katherine Anderson as the mother of one of the adolescents is mainly responsible for the pleasant atmosphere of the Graves household, which is definitely one of the charms of the production.

The casting of the two adolescents must have been the chief problem of the original production, which is still running in New York after nearly two years. The children obviously cannot be played by children, and when you cast adults for them you run into certain difficulties about contours. These difficulties made the first quarter-hour or so of the work of Cora Sue Collins and Rosemary Rice a bit hard to take for this critic, but eventually their childish exuberance won the day. The audience on Monday evening was full of Junior Misses who clearly understood some of the dialogue better than their elders.

BOOK SERVICE

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Ontario Conservatives and the Extension Bill

Mr. Frost, member of the Ontario Legislature for the constituency of Victoria, and one of the ablest and most active of the Conservative representation, here defends the position of the Ontario Conservative party in acceding to the proposal for extending the term of the Legislature in 1942 and opposing it in 1943.

Some editorial comment upon Mr. Frost's views appears on the Front Page. In substance they are that the war was sufficiently alarming in 1942 to justify the postponing of the election, and that the then existing Government enjoyed the confidence of the electors.

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS probably asking too much that the Progressive-Conservative party should receive fair treatment at the hands of your paper but I feel that some comment should be made on your amazing leading editorial of the 17th instant.

I refer to the portion of the editorial concerning the bill just passed which extended the life of the Legislature for one year. You do not vent your editorial wrath upon the Government which forced through this bill contrary to the precedent, in the face of a united Opposition assisted by eight bolters from the Government side. Actually its passage was secured with less than half of the elected members of the House supporting the measure. You made no mention of this. Instead your article confines itself to sniping at George Drew for having acquiesced in the extension of the life of the House a year ago. With all respect to you it should not be necessary to point out that conditions in April 1942 were utterly different than those which exist now. In main they were as follows:—

Then and Now

(1) The reason for the extension in 1942 was the extremely critical international situation. If such a situation had not existed no extension would have been considered. The bill was introduced and passed within about four months of Pearl Harbor. Singapore had recently fallen. The Japanese had established themselves in the Aleutians. An invasion of Australia appeared to be imminent and an invasion of Alaska and the Pacific Coast was a distinct possibility. Even the most sanguine did not contemplate the great success later achieved by the Russians. Things were none too bright in North Africa. Many have said that it was the darkest hour of the war to date. In view of this there was every reason for an extension.

I think it goes without saying that the situation now is quite different. While we shall have very trying times there seems to be no valid reason why the people of Ontario should not be consulted this year. If the international situation were to become so critical that the turmoil of an election was contrary to the interest of the country then a special Session could be called to consider the matter.

"First get your man in a position like this, then let him have it." Unpleasant, but it's modern war as demonstrated by two U.S. Rangers at a Scottish commando training depot.

(2) In 1942 Mr. Hepburn, a popularly elected leader, led a government which had received overwhelming support from the people and at that time Mr. Hepburn commanded the united support of the government members. Surely you are not serious when you say, "As a matter of fact it is none of Colonel Drew's business who leads the Liberal party in the Legislature. He is supposed to have no confidence in any Liberal leader." The inference is that the business of the leader of the Opposition is to oppose everything, whether right or wrong, simply because it is proposed by the party opposite.

A Higher Function

I think that the people feel that the Opposition leader has a higher function than that. The Opposition's duty is to protect the public interest and to criticize and oppose those things which appear to be contrary to that interest. Surely the leader of the Opposition should not indulge in school-boy opposition simply for the purpose of disagreeing. In contrast to the situation in 1942, what have we now? We have a leaderless Government party and a premiership being thrown into the uncertainty of a party convention. The Government members themselves are so divided that one might ask if they have confidence in themselves. There is no evidence that any leader they may now choose possesses the confidence of the electors. I think it is absurd to say, "The question of who is Premier of a Legislature and how he got to be Premier has no more to do with the extension of the term than the question of who is senior page boy." Should Colonel Drew hand a blank cheque to be filled in favor of a Government to be headed by an unknown Premier? This Premier is not to be created by the Legislature but by a party machine. How different was the situation in 1942 with a Premier who was placed in office by the electors and was kept there by the united support of his elected followers!

Precedents

(3) There are plenty of precedents for what took place last year. None for what took place this year. In 1916 Sir Robert Borden proposed to extend the life of Parliament for one year but stated that the legislation would not be proceeded with if opposed. Sir Wilfred Laurier concurred and the extension bill was passed. In the following year, however, Sir Wilfred objected to a further extension of the House on the grounds that he objected to governmental legislation which was either introduced or contemplated. Accordingly the extension was not proceeded with. In Ontario Sir William Hearst and Mr. Proudfoot, leader of the Opposition, in 1918 jointly introduced an extension bill which passed almost unanimously. In Great Britain in 1941 the life of Parliament was extended almost unanimously. In 1942 the extension legislation passed the Legislature unanimously. In the present situation Colonel Drew quite rightly took the position that neither the international situation nor the political situation in Ontario justified an extension. He furthermore took serious objection to many of the acts of this Government. Accordingly with a united Opposition he opposed any further extension as being contrary to public interest. Eight government supporters voted with the Opposition.

(4) The 1942 extension bill received widespread approval in the press. Such is not the case now. It is interesting to note that your paper which now snipes at George Drew for the decision which he made in 1942 did not then thunder against the extension bill. On April 11, 1942, your paper criticized the failure of the Government to fill the vacant seats in the Legislature and on May 16, 1942, ran an article under the heading, "Can we Compel By-Elections?" but not one critical word was said about the extension bill at that time. It is right to state that in the 1942 session the Conservative Opposition cooperated to the fullest extent in passing a bill providing for soldier voting which would have enabled the by-elections to be held in a fair manner. The government did nothing to make this act effective by setting up the necessary machinery until this very month and then only under pressure of Opposition censure.

One may ask, if the extension bill of 1942 was against public interest and contrary to public opinion, why did SATURDAY NIGHT not say so at that time? Now it holds up its hands in holy horror at the sound and patriotic course taken by George Drew in 1942 but says nothing about the action of the tottering government which in 1943 forced through an extension bill contrary to all precedent, against a formidable Opposition and with less than half of the members of the House voting in favor of the same.

I think it is fair to say that the government is divided and leaderless. Ontario needs a strong alternative party, capable of giving sound government in these trying times. No doubt I should not presume to suggest what the attitude of SATURDAY NIGHT should be to the Progressive-Conservative party. It, however, does seem to me anomalous to editorialize on the desirability of a strong Progressive-Conservative party and then to continually damn it with faint praise and unfair criticism.

Lindsay, Ont. LESLIE M. FROST.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

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"Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirit"

SWEET CHARIOT, a novel by Frank Baker. (Longmans, Green, $3.00.)

FANTASY is the most difficult of literary forms. To keep the reader interested in a tale transcending ordinary experience demands not cleverness but near-genius.

One of the masters in a Cathedral choir-school, speculative in temper, agnostic, passionate in his love for music and poetry, but cold to earthy loves, imagines that he has seen a bird never before reported in England. He sets out at night to find its nesting place, suddenly comes upon the strange visitant, seizes it and discovers that he has captured his own guardian angel. The angel Melchior, looks like the master's twin. He teaches his charge to fly, and then the two change places, the angel to get into whirlpools of trouble at the school, the schoolmaster to ride the upper airs; even as Eric Knight's hero *Sam Small*.

But this isn't comedy—save as all life is comedy to the philosophic questioner. It's graceful, airy thinking, expressed in a limpid and lovely prose. Consider this; "The hint of power in the east became a glowing declaration of war upon the night. Royally the sun rose from the sluggish sea and immediately a new road was forged to the horizon to take the place of the moon's road to the stars."

Mingled with the stuff of poetry in words and thought is the commoner fabric of character delineation. The people of the story, aside from the two main figures, are brought to life and remain memorable, sometimes by snatches of dialogue, more often by their behavior under stress. And here the author reveals a distinct comedy strain. His pictures of life in the boarding school which the "angelic" boy-sopranos of the Cathedral Choir inhabit are cold and severe in their irony. A feature of the tale is the affectionate description of the old anthems of Byrd and Tallis and S. S. Wesley, whispering in the vaulting of the Cathedral nave. Decidedly it is a new thing to find a writer of novels whose musical knowledge goes a little farther than the syllabus for the Junior Piano examination.

Hostile Brothers

BY J. ANDERS

AMERICA, RUSSIA, AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN THE POSTWAR WORLD, by John L. Childs, George S. Counts and others. (Longmans, Green, $1.75.)

THIS little book (92 pages) is the first of a series on Education and the Postwar World, being published by the socialist American Federation of Teachers. It is uncompromising in its rejection, not only of communism, but also of the method of its application in Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, the authors believe that Russia will be the leading power in the old world, just as the United States will be the leading power in the new. And if the two countries cannot live in friendship, a third world war is inevitable.

The authors are convinced, however, that the two countries can live in friendship. They formulate a number of conditions which the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. would have to fulfil in order to bring about that state of affairs. In those conditions they put a far greater onus on the U.S.S.R. than on the U.S.

The book suffers from compression and cannot be recommended to readers who lack an extensive knowledge of philosophy, economics, history, and Russian, American and international problems. Those who possess such knowledge do not miss anything if they do not read the book.

As for European problems: the authors, who are greatly concerned about the emancipation of colored peoples from imperialism, ignore the European peoples as completely as they ignore, of course, Great Britain.

Far-Away Fields

ROUND TRIP TO RUSSIA, by Walter Graebner. (Longmans, Green, $4.00.)

LITTLE things are all-important in the description of an unfamiliar scene. So a news-correspondent in Moscow during the earlier days of the German invasion was wise to assemble a mass of the apparent trivialities coming under his notice, for only thus is a true picture born in the mind of the reader.

Walter Graebner was in Moscow when Mr. Churchill arrived for a talk with Stalin and later when Wendell Willkie appeared. His description of these important events is made all the stronger by the "background" he has built up in the earlier chapters recording his small difficulties and annoyances.

It's a good book, not as full of "meat" as Mr. Willkie's *One World*, but a happy bit of supplementary reading on a similar subject.

Microscope Over France

JUST BEFORE DAWN, a novel, by Anne Green. (Musson, $3.00.)

THE Elliots, cotton merchants of South Carolina, ruined by the Civil War, transferred to Paris and rebuilt their fortunes as cotton brokers and agents. Elizabeth, of the third generation, was brought up by her grandmother, as a bi-lingual, a bi-national, bi-social individual, considering herself as an American but actually French, though her Frenchness was colored by outcrops of American thought and conduct.

When she was thirteen the grandmother died. Distant cousins in America, also of the third generation, made no offer to take the little girl, so her grandmother's intimate friends, whom she had always considered as her aunts, volunteered to supervise her adolescence. They were disturbed at her independence of view and conduct, though their affection never wavered. And they even withstood the shock when she became a model in a fashionable dressmaker's establishment.

Here she is in November 1938, and from that date on she shares in the complacency, the apprehension, the uneasy fear, the grim terror that followed the onward march of the Germans. Then after the occupation she found her fate in the person of an unconquered Frenchman of distinguished family organizing the underground activity of resolute patriots.

The fine thing about the tale is its interpretation of the mind of the real France, contemptuous of its leaders and implacable towards its enemies. The detail os *bourgeois* life and thought is amazing. The pride despite calamity, the faith in the resurgence of the nation, persistent in the depth of sorrow, are admirably shown.

At the same time the grace and sincerity of the writing, the sharp-edged characterization, the airy humor, give the book a distinction out of the common. One of the most notable of recent novels.

Fifty Years of the Theatre

THEATRICAL CAVALCADE, by Ernest Short. (Collins, $4.00.)

FROM Henry Irving and Ellen Terry to Noel Coward and Katharine Cornell is a big jump. In fifty years many things in and about the Theatre have shown a sea-change. Acting has become so desperately natural that a certain artificiality has been necessary to achieve it. Stage-sets have "progressed" from pageantry to a stylized symbolism. Plays show some variation, from Irving's *Faust* to Shaw's *St. Joan* and *Pygmalion*, to *Juno and the Paycock*, to *Tobacco Road* and other "Toughs."

But voice and diction, grace and understanding, are still the qualities that make the actor, as complete sincerity and passion about a Theme make the dramatist. For the playwright with nothing to say will say nothing, however masterly his technique.

This book, which is competently written covers the field admirably, recalls to mind the eminent figures of the half-century, and provides interesting though not particularly exciting information.

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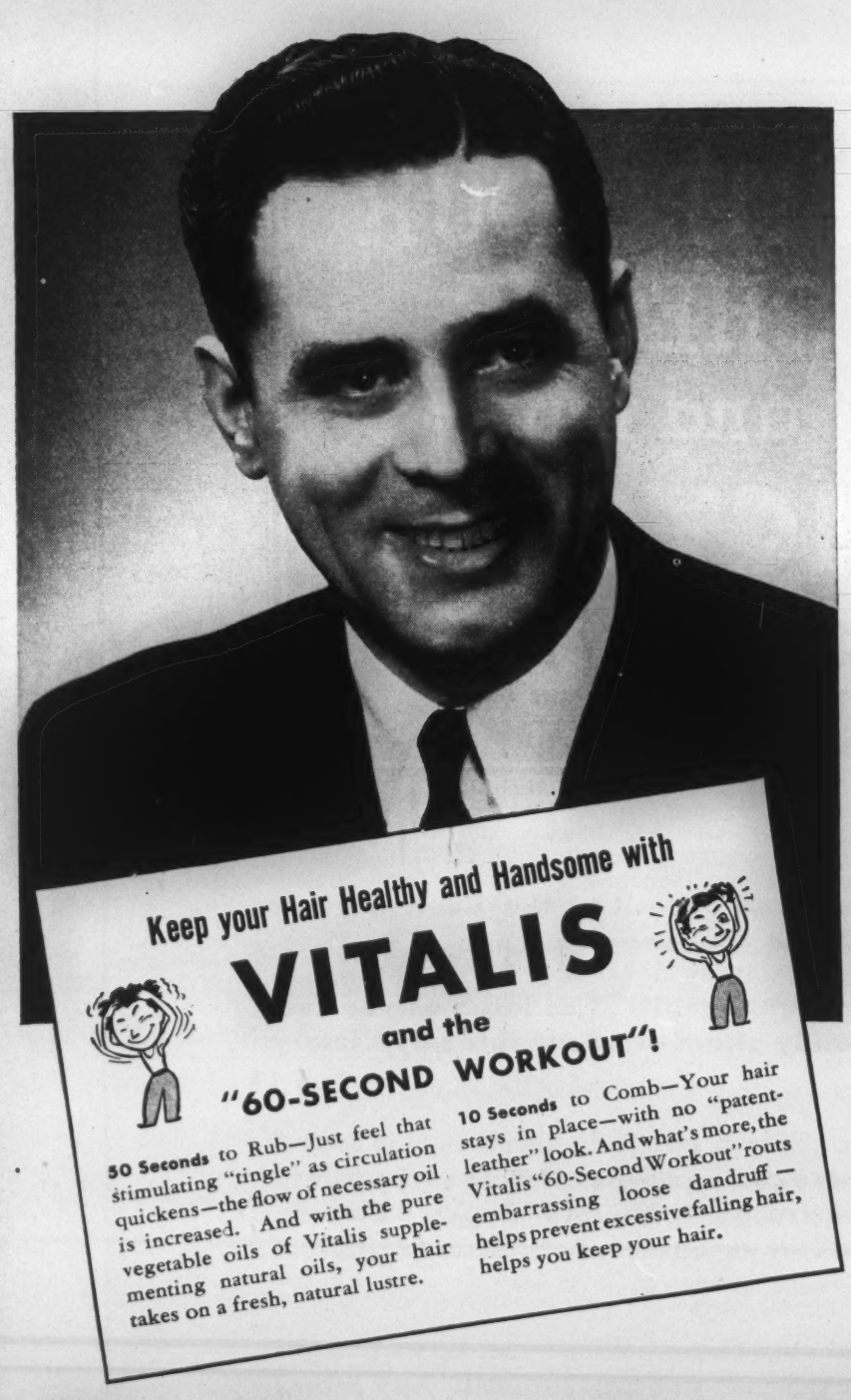

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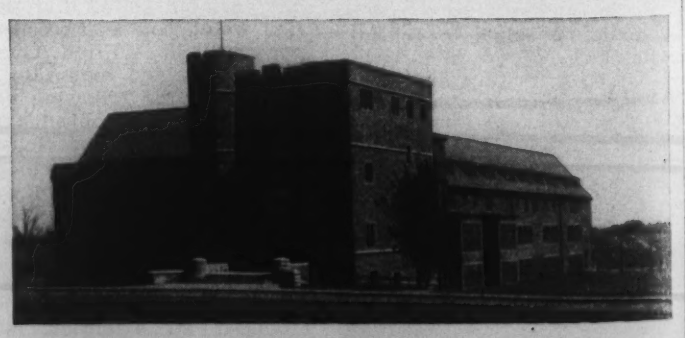

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THE BOOKSHELF

Water Over the Dam

BEHIND THE BATTLE, by John de Courcy. (Collins, $3.50.)

AN INFORMED and documented review of the British political and diplomatic achievements, errors and omissions before and since the beginning of the war. Among the many strange events set forth and explained in fairly vigorous manner is the refusal of the Government to consider, much less accept, authoritative information on the political chaos in France. Many persons with special knowledge of Continental affairs were aware that the French Army was badly led, under-equipped and generally moth-eaten by defeatism. The Foreign Office, apparently, preferred to believe that under the threat of war weaknesses would disappear overnight.

The condition of the Balkans and the Middle East is explained in close detail and the state of public opinion in the United States before Pearl Harbor is admirably set forth. The sphynx called Russia is walked-about and studied, without any great encouragement, and the writer considers the record of the Communist Party in England with much shaking of the head.

But the important thing today is the military situation, and until that is settled, opening a clear prospect with victory at the end of it, diplomatic managements are of secondary interest. The author visualizes after the war a foreign policy which will keep England free of Continental commitments save for those undertaken in association with the United States, and hopes that a wedge will be driven between the sound, decent Englishmen and the doctrinaire international socialists.

It is the view of a settled Conservative temperament. Whether or not it is to prevail no one at this time has a right to predict. Wars are hard on prophets and prophetic imaginings.

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A German official with bestial face,
A saboteur-hero who's never *quite* shot,
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Reprisals for Nazis found dead beside roads,
A dash of Gestapo's unspeakable brutes,
For seasoning, torture and Hitler salutes.

Bake well in the fire of a factory aflame
And serve the book, signed with a foreigner's name.

—ELIZABETH TROLLOPE.

Old Man River

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI (Rivers of America Series), by Hodding Carter, (Oxford. $3.00.)

A RIVER is something more than a mere symbol of humanity; it has been intimately associated with mankind down through the ages. There would have been no London without the Thames, no Liverpool without the Mersey, no Quebec and Montreal without the St. Lawrence, and where would the great inland cities of the United States be without the mighty Mississippi and its tributaries?

This book is perhaps the most colorful and intensely human of the Rivers series. In its four hundred recorded years more men are said to have died defending, conquering or exploiting the Mississippi than any other river in North America. The story, as told by Hodding Carter, is a cavalcade of romance, tragedy and comedy. Civilized man is seen at his lowest depth of squalor and moral turpitude, even up to comparatively recent times. The river itself, the climate, the slave trade and periodic influxes of low types of European immigrants, were doubtless responsible for the terrible conditions which once prevailed in the Lower Mississippi Valley. Yet, as Mr. Carter has shown, the people have fought their way upward. Yellow fever has been conquered and malaria checked, the bubonic plague has disappeared, and the United States army of engineers have bridled, though not tamed, the treacherous flood.

Alaska To-day

WAR DISCOVERS ALASKA, by Joseph Driscoll. (Longmans, Green, $4.00.)

THE author who is a staff-correspondent of the New York *Herald-Tribune* has been living in Alaska and liking it. Since the Japanese struck at the Aleutian isles, sizeable and lively American forces, army and navy and aerial, have been established in the north and the Canada-Alaska highway has been built as a supply-route.

There hasn't been much fighting, so a correspondent is free to look about him, to interview old-timers, and "characters", to go hither and yon, to inspect farms in the Matanuska valley, to discuss the nineteen kinds of weather mostly bad, to confer with the Governor, with the Army chief, with the Admiral in command, with the flying men and to deplore the fact (with Steffanson) that people don't understand the delights of living in the far north.

He also describes the three kinds of native peoples, the "night-life" of the infrequent towns, all crowded nowadays, and the future possibilities of this great land when the decent days of peace return. It's a lively book, full of information.

Non-Solemnity

PRE-NATAL CARE FOR FATHERS, by John Gould. (Oxford, $1.75.)

HERE'S a little book of seventy pages, ten of them occupied by mid-Victorian wood-cuts frightfully sentimental, but having nothing whatever to do with the text. So much has been written and published about expectant mothers that the author turns with loving care to the expectant father and lavishes advice upon him. Gaiety for anybody!

To The Pacific

BY MARY DALE MUIR

KNIGHT OF THE WILDERNESS, by Maxine Shore and M. M. Oblinger. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.50.)

YOUNG blood calls to young blood in this story of the explorations of the less than thirty-year-old Alexander Mackenzie between 1789 and 1793. Danger and adventure meet the hero and his willing companions as they follow the Mackenzie River and then struggle westward to the Pacific, Stinking Sea of the Indians.

The crow might fly directly but the journey of the explorers was circuitous in the extreme. More than half their time was spent in going around things—lakes or mountains or swamps, northward one day, eastward the next.

The romance is the romance of actual happenings and obstacles overcome by unwavering resolve, the accomplishment of the seemingly impossible, a romance more apparent, perhaps, to the reader than to those engaged with the petty details and discomforts of the exploration. Contributing to the reality of the history is the fact that the writers are familiar with the country travelled. Adding to its present interest is the knowledge that the Alaskan Highway threads this country.

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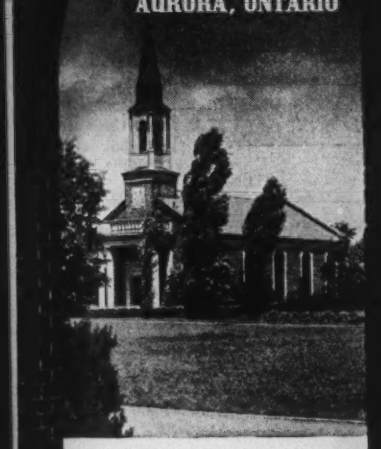

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WORLD OF WOMEN

A Dozen Roses for Mrs. Smith

BY JOHN LASKIER

THE call came from a shabby little rooming-house in a district given over to cheap rooms and broken down stores. It was about six thirty on a morning in December, and it was still pitch dark. Still wet from my walk down to work in the sleet and slush, I climbed into my hack feeling very sorry for myself. Why should anyone have to get up in the middle of the night to go to work? It certainly wasn't the kind of morning anyone would turn a dog out on.

Bad Start

I felt even more sorry for myself when the despatcher rang the bell and gave me the order as I rolled the cab towards the door. *Here I go,* I thought, *Off to a bad start on a bad day!* I knew the district well enough to know that any call coming from there at six thirty in the morning boded no good for the driver who was unlucky enough to get it. A drunk, maybe; one with a mean disposition and no money. Or maybe a couple of tough guys with a gun and a yen to stick up taxi drivers.

I swung out on the street, bemoaning my luck and the weather and the job. The sleet plastered the windshield in an opaque mass and the wiper plowed its way back and forth with difficulty. The cold motor coughed and spat, then burst into a roar as I eased the clutch and fed her more gas. The red light caught me at the intersection. Nursing the balky motor, I watched the few pedestrians on the street fighting their way along, leaning into the wind, hats pulled down over their eyes. A policeman, half white where the snow had clung to his uniform, stamped his feet on the corner. The light changed and the wheels spun in the slush as I started off.

The house was in absolute darkness when I got there. I pulled up to the curb feeling a little more hopeful. Maybe it was a wrong address and I could go back down to the station where it was warm and wait for the trains. I got out of the cab and walked up the muddy path wondering if I shouldn't just call the whole thing off anyway, and tell the switchboard it was a dead load.

Sombre Thoughts

A shadowy figure moved in the vestibule and I stopped as the door opened. A woman came out. Even in that dim light I could see her condition. *Oh, Oh, I thought, Just my luck. A maternity case!*

I helped her down the steps. She was trembling under my hands like a wounded animal caught in a trap. Under the street light, I caught a glimpse of her face. She was not young and she was not pretty, yet the white face, high-cheeked and pale under her dark hair, had vague possibilities of beauty. Her clothes were shabby and threadbare, but neat. As I helped her into the cab I could feel the rough spots where her cheap gloves were darned.

I climbed in behind the wheel and sat there for a minute thinking the sombre thoughts a man thinks when he is brought face to face with the crueler aspects of birth.

In a weak voice she said, "Take me to the Maternity Hospital."

I turned around and looked at her as she lay, a shadowy bulk in the back seat. "But," I asked, horrified, "Isn't there anyone going with you?"

"No. . ." Her voice was low and filled with a vast hopelessness. " . . . There just isn't anyone to go with me."

Tears Like Acid

She started to cry as I turned the cab around. Deep, wracking sobs, not of pain, but of loneliness and fear. They were the sobs of a woman facing her dark journey through the shadows of childbirth without the comfort of a man's shoulder to lean on . . . without even the sympathy of a friend. Her tears were like acid, eating away the tough hide of cynicism that comes from years of taxi driving.

She wept quietly in the back seat, while the windshield wiper beat out a dirge as it ploughed slowly backward and forward across the sleet-spattered glass. I would have given my right hand to have comforted her a little. . . But what could I do?

When I pulled into the hospital yard she was sitting up straight and quiet, with only the tear stains marring the bleak composure of her features. As I helped her out of the car she pressed a fifty-cent piece into my hand. It was warm from the way she had been clutching it in her glove. . . She did not even have a handbag. I don't suppose she had any more than just fifty cents. It seemed to be burning a hole in my hand as I helped her over to the hospital door.

"I've Come This Far"

"Look, M'am," I said, "I don't want to take your half dollar. This one's on the house."

She pushed my hand away almost angrily. "No," she said, "I've come this far without charity . . . I'll go the rest of the way." Then her face softened and she smiled mistily up at me. "But thanks just the same."

She was crying openly and unashamedly as the nurse seated her in a wheelchair and whisked her away down the echoing bleakness of the hospital corridor.

I drove out of the hospital yard cursing madly at the cab, at the job, at the whole world. I stopped off at Joe's beanery and had a cup of coffee. Even Joe's coffee seemed bitter. It is not pleasant to have the eyes to see a fellow human's grief and loneliness, to ache for people and yet be unable to help them.

Whitey Is Tough

Later in the morning I pulled into the Depot where the boys were playing rummy in between trains. I told Whitey about it. Whitey is the toughest hacker who ever high-flagged a meter. The rest of the boys gathered around and listened in silence.

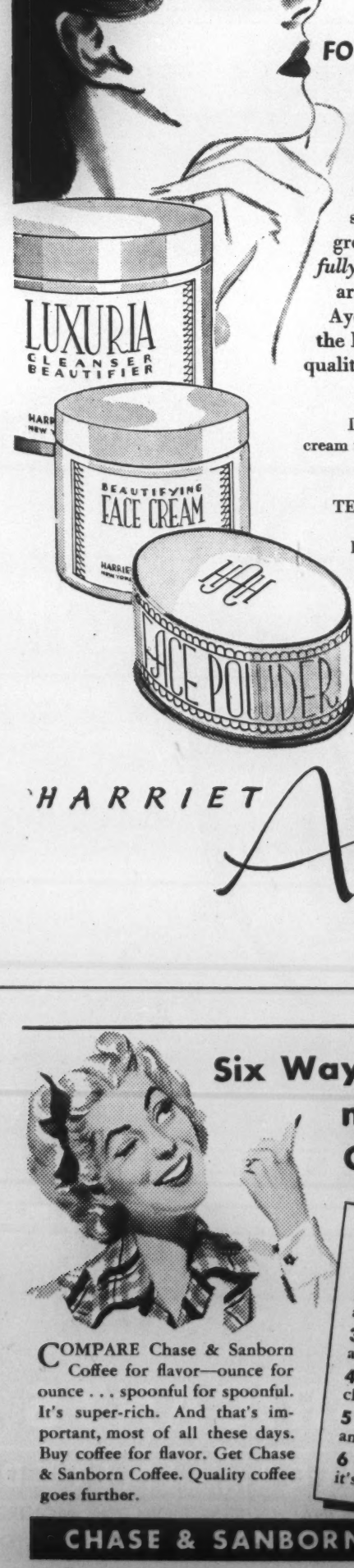
Whitey pulled off his hat and threw a quarter into it. "Come on, you bums," he commanded the rest of them. "Cough up. When your wives are having kids we all chip in. Here's a dame who maybe hasn't even got a husband."

Dimes and Quarters

The dimes and quarters dropped in a quick shower into Whitey's greasy cap. When we counted up there was $3.50. I made it up to $4.00 with the fifty-cent piece that still seemed to carry some of the warmth of the despairing fingers.

"We'll send her flowers," Whitey decided. "Send her four bucks worth of the best roses you can get. And remember," he stuck his chin out truculently, "You bring back the receipt for that four bucks worth of flowers or I'll wring your so-and-so neck."

I phoned from the florist's and the girl at the switchboard of the hospital told me that the woman I had brought in at 6.45 was registered under the name of Mrs. Smith. I wondered if that was her real name . . . or if she was really Mrs. anything. On the card with the dozen roses I wrote—*"Wishing you the best of luck. To Mrs. Smith from the boys."* I wonder if they helped her?



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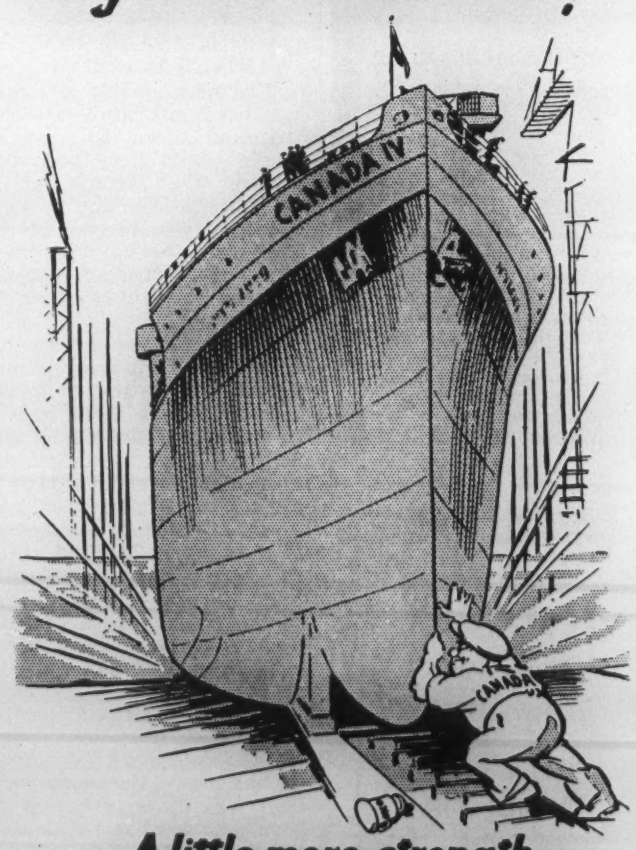


A little more strength —a little more push will put over

CANADA'S Fourth VICTORY LOAN

CONTRIBUTED BY

113 R

WORLD OF WOMEN

These Gifts Three

BY BERNICE COFFEY

Child of Orange so far from home,
God grant three gifts to thee—
A rooster crowing Holland's victory,
A flag of Orange flying free,
Two wooden shoes to wear on Holland's soil
As she tells jubilantly of her love for thee.
God grant thee these gifts three.

THESE words in the Netherlands language appear on the plate made according to an old custom to commemorate the birth of a child of the House of Orange, in this case Princess Margriet Francisca whose birth took place on what technically was Netherlands soil in Canada.

In happier days in Holland—land of dikes, windmills, tulips, wooden shoes and happy, contented people—the plate would have become a possession of almost every household. Under the circumstances the Princess' mother, Princess Juliana, has expressed the wish that the proceeds of the sale of the plates in Canada be used to purchase layettes to be distributed in Holland as soon as the enemy will have been driven out.

In the past the plates have been made of the exquisite Delft porcelain so familiar to collectors. The latest plate, however, has been made by one of the oldest factories of its kind in the United States.

Eleven inches in size, the design has the poem quoted above in black lettering surrounded by maps of the Netherlands and its possessions in green and gold on a gray background, the whole framed in a line of blue and a gold edge. A limited edition, the price of the plates is five dollars.

Members of the national committee for the sale of the plates are Madame E. J. Groenman, Mrs. Norman Robertson, Mrs. Bernard M. Alexander, Madame L. R. Lafleche, Mrs. Norman McLarty, Lady Perley, Madame Thibaudeau Rinfret. Convener of the Toronto committee is Mrs. J. C. McRuer.

Information Supplied

During his "Information, Please" career Clifton Fadiman probably has shot fewer questions at his board of experts than are received in one day by the other "Information, Please" established recently. This is the project of the Landseair Club which has taken unto itself the task of answering the inquiries of the ladies and gentlemen of the armed forces passing through Toronto's Union Station.

"Where can I buy a ring?" "How do I get to Blank Street?" "Where can I sleep tonight?" "Where can I have my hair done?"—the last from a uniformed girl. "How can I find my girl friend? She's about five feet two, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her first name's Jean, but I don't know her last name, and this is her photograph." Believe it or not, Jean was eventually found through as neat a piece of deduction and clue-following as could be found in any work of detective fiction.

The some two hundred voluntary workers who take turns at specified intervals operate out from their headquarters—a kiosk set conspicuously in the centre of the vast rotunda. They are called "floaters" because they circulate through the incoming crowds. They are easily spotted by anyone burning to ask a question for they wear trim dark blue uniforms tabbed with red, and attractive blue tricorne hats.

Every volunteer has been carefully drilled in how to give information — and needless to say a good memory is an asset. However, she can always refer to a thick book at the central desk. The information in this book took weeks to compile and although it seems to supply an answer for almost every conceivable question, it has cannily been put together in loose-leaf form. The conveners know they will be called upon to add to it.

The official opening was attended by representatives of the various armed forces. First question asked of "Information, Please" when it got down to the business of the day was "Where can I post a letter?" A gentle initiation, for His Majesty's red mail box was only ten paces behind the Army "other rank" who made the inquiry.

• •

I Saw a Parade

BY ETHEL CHAPMAN

I HAVE just seen a parade. Lines and lines of young men marching. Most of them looked grimly ahead; they were not off on a gay adventure, they had no illusions that there was an easy time before them; but they had offered themselves to do a job that must be done and they would see it through.

They were not professional soldiers, these marching men. They were your boys, and your neighbors'. They had come from offices and shops and schools and farms; war had had no part in their plans for their future. In the work they were doing many had seen the promise of homes of their own and happiness. Some had laid their tools away with the lost feeling that comes of being separated from the work we love. Some were so young that their very training to live had been interrupted—as "returned men" they would have "no vocation." Those I knew best had left the land and a country life that they loved, and their dearest hope was that they might some day come back to it.

When I see a parade like this I ask, as thousands of other men and women are asking, "Why must the burden of war fall so wholly upon youth? When the future of all of us is at stake, why must there be such inequality of sacrifice to save it?" I hear fathers say, "Why can't I go in my boy's place? He hasn't had a chance to live yet." And they add with determination, "I could do as much in a war as any young fellow."

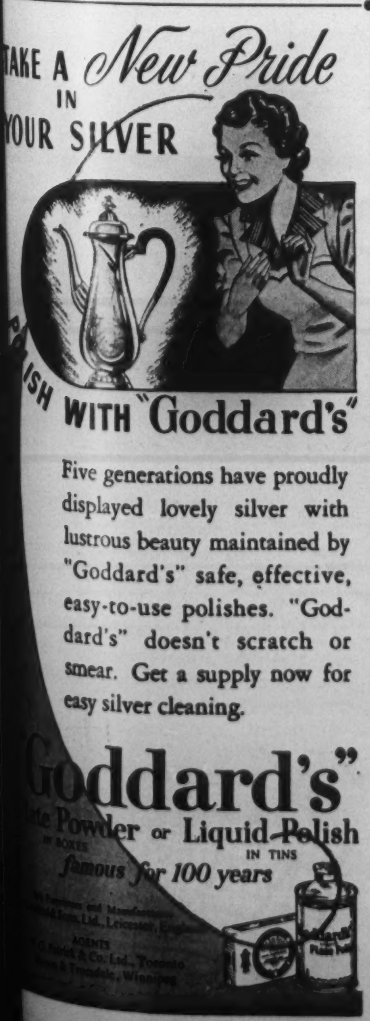
But they couldn't—not in this war, where nothing less than the speed and endurance and daring of youth is demanded — nothing less than everything youth has to give.

At the best we can do, to the end of the war there will be inequality of sacrifice; there seems to be no other way. But when we are asked to buy government bonds to support our men—to get the equipment they need—to keep our national life solid so that there will be employment and a future for them when they come back, we will surely welcome this as one opportunity to do at least something to help.

I might repeat what we have learned from practical economists and what we have found out for ourselves from experience, that Victory Bonds are the safest of safe investments for ourselves. But I can't think much about that at the moment. I have just seen a parade.

MORE
BUY VICTORY BONDS NOW—

A gay little girl in a bright little dress. The vari-colored print is of Ritzo, a Viyella cotton with a linen appearance, and the binding at yoke, waist and collar is plain matching the dark shade of the stripes.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POLISH WITH "Goddard's"
Five generations have proudly displayed lovely silver with lustrous beauty maintained by "Goddard's" safe, effective, easy-to-use polishes. "Goddard's" doesn't scratch or smear. Get a supply now for easy silver cleaning.
Goddard's"
Powder or Liquid Polish
IN TINS
famous for 100 years

THE DRESSING TABLE

Latest contribution to blackout wardrobes are hats, such as this white straw, treated with luminous solution to make them visible in dark.

Of stitched shiny white patent leather, this wide beret worn at an almost straight angle, has a coarse fishnet snood to confine the hair.

Spring Improvements at Headquarters

BY ISABEL MORGAN

SPRING is clean-up, spruce-up time for houses, gardens and faces. This is a time of the year when skins fall heir to the entire list of faults and blemishes in the book. Winter heat and cold, lack of sunshine, curtailed outdoor exercise, all have taken their toll and the cumulative results are only too apparent under the stronger light of the sun. Perhaps all this is only too evident in a weary skin, a pair of hands that look definitely "dish-pan", hair that refuses to be amenable to the hair-dresser's blandishments.

If enlarged pores and their accompanying annoyance, blackheads, are one of the results of a complexion that has fallen into disrepair, they can be cleaned up with a few regular, brisk treatments. The tools you will need are—a jar of cleansing cream, skin tonic, supply of beauty grains. Add absorbent cotton, cleansing tissues and a strong determination, and you're on your way to having a skin that is smooth and unblemished.

Clean Work

First, smooth the cleansing cream all over the face—not forgetting the part under the chin and the neck. Then remove the cream with cleansing tissue, finishing off with a pad of absorbent cotton that has been wrung out in cold water and then dipped in skin tonic and rubbed (upward movement always, please) over the skin to remove the last bit of cream. Now shake out some of the grain preparation into the palm of the hand and add enough water to make a smooth creamy paste. Apply this all over the face, under the chin and over the neck, too, if it isn't as fair as it should be—and one will get you five it isn't. Let it dry and then begin to rub—hard!—so that you can feel the circulation dancing under the skin. Continue rubbing until the last bit of the preparation has been removed, and then rinse in cold water.

Make this treatment an essential part of the regime of retiring for the night. Keep it up for a week and you should begin to see satisfactory results in a clear, smooth skin devoid of blackheads and gradually shrinking pores. The complexion will be the better for it if given this super laundering one or two nights a week ever after.

Arid Country

If the mirror reveals a dry, parched condition — usually this is accompanied by fine, tiny lines—generous use of a rich lubricating cream is the immediate answer demanded by the skin. Put it on in plentiful quantities—and often. Pat it on before climbing into your hot tub at night, wear it whenever you expect to have a few moments' privacy in the house, when you're relaxing or exercising. Neglect of the fine, dry skin is the sure road to the old wrinkled prune look in a few years' time.

Topknot

And now for the hair which is as susceptible to winter-weariness as the skin. In all likelihood it soon will be due for a new permanent. If it's tired and unmanageable don't dash to the phone and make an appointment to have a permanent tomorrow—not if you want and expect good results. Coax it into natural glossy health first. Arrange for a series of hot oil treatments if it is dry and has split ends. Don't neglect the hundred strokes of the brush every night and then, when it has its old snap and vitality, have the last remnants of the old permanent cut off so that the new permanent has only to cope with new growth.

When the hair is excessively oily, frequent and thorough cleansing is strongly indicated. In between shampoos it can be kept immaculately clean by heavy and frequent brushing, the constant use of a hair tonic of somewhat astringent qualities and rubbing and polishing with a towel.

Hands and nails that look—and feel—as though they have come through a long hard winter cannot be restored to perfection in a day. Nails that are splitting and cracking and, incidentally, proving a menace to the state of the stocking supply, can be nursed back into condition given a little time and attention over a period of two or three weeks.

Abandon the idea of long, tapering nails during this period. File them down to the finger tips to rid them of most of the split or cracked upper sections, and then oil and cream them and the rest of the hands prodigiously, every night.

The healing, softening process can be speeded up by wearing soft, thin cotton gloves over all this cream and oil at night. Once having arrived at the happy state of affairs when they can be displayed without shame, use hand cream or lotion (not forgetting to work it around and under the finger nails) every time the hands are dunked in water.

Duration Wardrobe

BY SALLY DEE

ASK an expert: You can't stump designer Sophie Gimbel of Saks Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne, with problems about putting madame and mademoiselle into good-looking clothes—and keeping them there for the duration. Year after year, the Paris couturiers used to list her as one of the 10 best-dressed women in the world. So she knows all the tricks about wearing clothes.

As a successful designer Sophie also knows what to do for other women. That is why we asked her for advice to help with the increasingly important problem of choosing the best for-the-duration clothes. She also gives us the how-to-do-it of a clever neck treatment that she has used on one of her most successful dress designs.

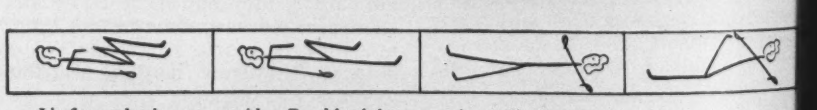
Two fundamentals of being well dressed are to choose the right basic outfit, adaptable for spring, fall and winter and to ensemble smart accessories for it.

Sophie's prescription for your basic wardrobe includes (1) a wool dress—simple, elegant, durable, (2) a short suit-length coat to be worn over the dress and with (3) a separate wool skirt. These, she says, should all be of the same fabric and color—preferably dark, and certainly durable. In any combination, they make a complete street unit for spring and fall. And in the winter they go under a top-coat. This sort of outfit is the bread-and-butter of smartness.

In wartime the cake of a costume is somewhat different from the peacetime product—but prettier than ever. The dressy dresses Sophie de-

(Continued on Next Page)

BUY VICTORY BONDS



Lie flat on back, arms at sides. Bend both knees to chest. Kick one leg straight forward smartly. Return to chest. Kick other leg forward and return to chest, then both legs together and back. Repeat in rotation. Lie on back, feet together, arms on floor at shoulder level. Keeping shoulders flat, legs straight and twisting body freely, swing right leg far as possible over left, touching floor. Return to position and repeat with left leg.

P.S.—Whenever you think of it: s-t-r-e-t-c-h like a cat for suppleness and relaxation!

For ship-shape hip-shape
do this exercise and wear

*LeGant**
*Registered

If busy days keep you pretty well tied to a desk or machine, it's difficult to find time for even a normal amount of exercise. Wear a LeGant foundation for firm, non-spread support—and take time out once every day to do these hip-conditioning exercises.

This is one of a series of advertisements suggesting exercises for figure improvement.

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DOROTHY GRAY
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Ideal cleansing treatment for coarse-pored or drab-looking skin. Dorothy Gray *Cleansing Grains* help loosen clogging dirt . . . help soften blackheads. These fragrant pink grains gently stimulate as they cleanse. Sluggish, adolescent skin takes on a cleaner, more youthful, vital look. Excellent for conspicuous pores. $1.50

At Smart Cosmetic Counters 78-43

Dorothy Gray

683 Fifth Avenue, New York—Toronto—London

(*Continued from Previous Page*)

signs have very short sleeves. The reason: To save thousands of yards of materials. The problem is to keep the costume also looking chic. The solution? Twenty-button rayon jersey gloves matching dress details in color.

That is a practical tip for any woman. Long white gloves can be dyed or tintexed to any special shade not included in the glove-color spectrum. Ensemble the gloves with the dress's binding, ruching, flowers. They lend you a femme fatale air.

Penny Pocket

Little tricks of design are always important—more so now than ever, according to Sophie. Did the government bigwigs snip off most of a woman's pocket . . . leave her only a fake, or at most a tiny little joker? Sophie chooses her speck of allowable real pocket . . . outlines it with rows of tiny beading, chalk-white on a black or navy jacket . . . presto! a really important pocket—and you can put a penny in it, too.

Then there is the limitation on the number of yards milady may wear in wartime. To Sophie's mind, there is no disaster in that. She has always aimed to give a woman svelt lines, and a girl's figure its due. She calls this trick her "plastic seaming." It has always meant economy of fabric—"not for economy's sake, but just to be pretty."

"I learned to make a lot of a little in the days when I was designing costumes for amateur theatricals in Philadelphia," she explains. Short on materials and help in that labor of love, she was long on ideas. It was her success in the stage-costume designing that first brought her to the attention of the shrewd Philadelphia merchant, talent-sleuth Adam Gimbel—now her husband.

The lapel yoke with upstanding corners on a recently designed dress illustrates one of Sophie's unusual tricks. And she passes on the trick of making the yoke. You can use it in any square neck about 12" wide and 6" deep. Other necklines can be altered to this shape and size.

Materials: One yard 6"-wide grosgrain ribbon, corded silk or rep in any preferred color. For partial lining, a 6" x 6" square of any sheer material. For wiring: 11½" of fine wire, cut in half.

Make a Collar

Method: Cut yoke material into two pieces, 6" x 14", with ribbon running up and down. For any fabric but ribbon, hem top horizontal edge of each piece. Machine-shir each piece crosswise to ribbing. Put rows of shirring close together. Then pull shirring threads tight enough to make each piece 6" x 6". Dampen shirred pieces; press dry on wrong side under towel, being careful not to stretch shirring. When thoroughly dry, pull shirring threads out entirely; material will stay shirred.

For partial lining, cut lining-fabric into two triangular halves. Hem bias edges. Keep ribbing of yoke halves running up and down, hemmed edges at top. Tack lining to wrong side of yoke halves, with bias edge sloping from shoulder line to bottom of opposite vertical side. Make tiny hem casing on centre vertical sides; insert wires.

Tack lined squares into each side of neck. Bend wired edges to make partial V-opening.

FRUSTRATION

TO WANT and never to have,—
To yearn for a thing afar,—
To long for a heart, a love,
To reach for a distant star.

To reach for a star yet know
'Tis a thing of cold white fire;
To stumble, awkward and slow
On the road to heart's desire.

To creep in the dust and dirt,
Earthbound by an earthy chain.
To ache with a loved one's hurt
Yet helpless to ease the pain.

To bow, as all mankind must,
To the edict God has given;—
That the feet shall tread in the dust
Whilst the soul may walk in Heaven.

JOHN LASKIER.

"Our Daddy's Right There!"

HE'S there, all right . . . fighting for his country . . . fighting for the freedom of his kiddies . . . and all children everywhere in the world.

He's playing for great stakes . . . and so are we all.

He's going through hardships beyond our imagination . . . doing his part . . . giving all he has . . . even if it costs his life.

Rightly . . . he expects the home-front to back him up. So do his buddies.

We value his life . . . and the lives of all our fighting men. We want them back VICTORIOUS . . . and as soon as they can finish the job.

Our part in helping them is to buy Victory Bonds . . . to the absolute limit of our ability.

Victory Bonds turn our hopes for Victory into the tools that will win it.

BUY THE VICTORY LOAN ...AND BACK THE ATTACK

SILVERWOOD DAIRIES, LIMITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Boom for Bach's Matthew Passion

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

ONE of the sudden musical furores which occasionally arise has been a recent boom for Bach's "Matthew Passion," for two decades a part of the musical and religious life of Toronto during Holy Week. Music lovers of this city probably know more about this unique and unapproachable masterpiece than those of any other community except perhaps Bethlehem, Pa., where the annual Bach Festival is an ancient institution. Naturally we view with interest the awakening which has occurred in other centres.

Everything that has been learned of performances elsewhere serves to demonstrate the fact that the best way to present a great traditional work is to follow tradition. When first produced at Leipzig in 1729 the "Matthew Passion" was the culminating triumph in the treatment of a form centuries old. It was in scope the most complete mustering of various types of musical utterance to a single end, known in the history of music up to that time; choristers, soloists, organ, harpsichord, strings, wind,—the entire orchestra as known.

It was not an experiment, but the ripest and most mature product of Bach's genius; something to which he had given intense thought because he had already composed other "Passions" and was acquainted with earlier works in a form that went back to the Passion plays of the Middle Ages.

Why then should musicians, in the language of the man on the street, try to "monkey with" Bach's clear intentions at this late date? Leopold Stokowski is, however, a relentless experimentalist, whom nothing can stop once he gets an idea in his head. It is tragic that his recent attempt to present the "Matthew Passion" in a novel style should have tended to make the work itself ludicrous; and that the crowd of mimes which he added to the personnel should have suggested to serious observers like the critic of the New York *Times*, the antics of the hooded brotherhood known as the Ku Klux Klan.

Fairy-Tale Technique

The method of presentation adopted was new only as applied to Bach's masterpiece. It was based on ancient Oriental dramatic modes in which mimes indicate the action in dumb show and singers render the dialogue and narrative. I once saw "Le Coq D'Or" done in this way at the Metropolitan Opera House and it was very effective because the whole atmosphere was that of a fairy-tale. But the divine tragedy cannot be reverently presented in fairy-tale technique. The idea of representing Our Lord as a shaft of light is a purely American stage-trick devised over forty years ago by a once famous stage producer, Ben Teal, for Klaw and Erlanger's spectacular production "Ben Hur." It was used in a striking stage picture showing lepers on the Mount of Olives. Mr. Teal never claimed to be inspired by religious motives, and his language at rehearsals whenever the lightman on high blundered, is said to have been lurid.

The chief shortcoming of Mr. Stokowski's attempt to use spectacular stage methods to "pep up" the greatest achievement in Christian musical literature was that it entailed many cuts and alterations in the score, without adding a jot or tittle to the power and message of the work.

At the time of writing one has no tidings as to Dr. Herbert Graf's presentation of the work in dramatic form in connection with the Montreal Festival with Wilfrid Pelletier as conductor, but it has been designed for monastic surroundings and at least should not be ludicrous.

Toronto Singers Abroad

There has been no lack this year of presentations in the legitimate manner, familiarized for us by Sir Ernest MacMillan during twenty years. On April 17 the Cleveland Orchestra gave a production in which the Toronto contralto, Eileen Law who is an invaluable factor in Toronto, sang the same music which she has rendered so impressively in Convocation Hall for years. Many present in that Auditorium last week had the privilege of listening over radio two days previously to the first part of Bruno Walter's noble and reverential presentation in Carnegie Hall, New York, when the chief contralto soloist was Jean Watson, before her marriage, Jean MacPherson of Toronto, who in years gone by sang in the "Passion" in a minor capacity under Sir Ernest.

A much discussed feature of the Carnegie Hall production was a new English translation of the text used by Bach, which was from the pen of a writer who used the pen name "Picander." the new version is by a Philadelphia lawyer, Henry S. Drinker, a gifted amateur musician, who undertook the task with sincere enthusiasm. While in a literary sense his text is probably an improvement on that which has been used in England and America for many years, it seemed to be less "singable" in character, than the latter. Possibly a comparison between text heard over radio and text heard directly from the concert platform is not entirely fair,—but that was the impression one gathered.

There is another point however in which comparisons are not odious. In the opening double chorus, "Come ye daughters, share my mourning" Sir Ernest, to whom through long experience the work has become second nature, has for years past invariably set the key-note of the entire work by profoundly dramatic emphasis on the phrase "See Him!"

Kathleen Parlow, eminent leader of the newly-founded Parlow String Quartet to be heard the first time in Toronto at Eaton Auditorium, May 1.

which occurs at the opening of the second line. In the text, the admonition "See" is twice repeated and "Look" is also uttered twice. Obviously Bach intended these words to be arresting, to concentrate imaginations of listeners on the whole purport of the divine sacrifice. They must be sung dynamically, and in declaiming them the Mendelssohn Choir was more arresting and potent than the admirable Westminster Choir, under Bruno Walter in New York. Though perchance this difference was due to loss of power in transmission; it seemed to me otherwise.

By-and-large last week's presentation was the finest Sir Ernest has given. In years gone by there may have been individual details that were better, but the general effect was more dynamic, the emotional appeal more constant and urgent. The reason is not far to seek. Poignant as are the dramatic episodes they are not more inspiring than the majesty of the chorales and brilliant contrapuntal choruses which as is frequently stated provide a parallel to the commentary in Greek Tragedy. Excellent as were the efforts of the Conservatory Choir in the past, Sir Ernest has never, until this year, had under his baton so magnificent and well balanced a coterie of singers as the Mendelssohn Choir. The beauty of its expression in every line and the exalted grandeur of its tone in climaxes gave a new meaning to ensembles.

The tenor, William Morton, has so grown into the role of the Narrator in recent seasons that in beauty of intonation, and imaginative dramatic power, his rendering excels all earlier exponents. George Lambert as Christus was in better voice than for two seasons, and his rendering of the divine utterances now has a deeper fervor and subtlety. The nobility of Eileen Law's singing in alto arias has become proverbial. These singers and several of the other soloists have had continuous experience as Bach singers; but Lillian Smith, the chief soprano soloist is a newcomer who has come to the fore only within the last year or two. Her triumph in the greatest task she has ever essayed was decisive. Not only were her tones sweet, pure, full and sincere, but her phrasing was fine in intellectual and devotional appeal. The quality of all soloists was admirable. It was remarkable to listen to such an extended array of fine and expressive singers as Eric Tredwell, Charles Jordan, James Flucker, Harold Clark, Lily McVeigh, Alice Rowe Harkness and Jane Harkness. Instrumentally, needless to say, the performance was also of high quality.

Bach and Beethoven

Not often in any musical capital of the world has the Bach masterpiece followed so quickly upon the triumphant Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, both produced by the same conductor and with the same choral forces. In supplement to my recent review of the Ninth may I refer to the historical setting. In no work prior to 1824 had men and women been asked to sing so lustily and yet with such spiritual exaltation. Crescendos on the word "Sanctus" or "Hallelujah" by previous great composers are outdone by his prodigious floods of tone.

A volume could be written on the influence of the Ninth Symphony on later composers, on modernists like Vaughan-Williams and Prokofieff, and above all, on Wagner. Its relation to the life-work of Wagner was profound. The program-note quoted Wagner's dictum that the work was "emancipated from all influences of fashion and vagaries of taste, and rose to be typical of a pure and enduring humanity". Beethoven had been Wagner's idol in youth, but so temperamental was his nature that a wretchedly bad performance of the Ninth Symphony which he heard somewhere dampened his enthusiasm for a while. Later, when in Paris he heard a superb performance of the same work, it changed the whole trend of his ambition. He had been trying to compose like Meyerbeer, and it awakened him to the spiritual possibilities of true music drama. He acknowledged his debt to this symphony by insisting that it be performed when the cornerstone of the Bayreuth Theatre was laid in 1872.

So far as the status of the work in the realm of creative music is concerned, the "Ayes have it" emphatically. Yet it will amaze some to learn that there are actually persons of unquestionable musical enthusiasm who dislike the choral finale. Two gifted young Americans, Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock, who compiled a book, "Men of Music", which contains an immense amount of historical information, deny that it is music at all considered in comparison with the earlier orchestral sections. They hold that Beethoven wasted on the "clap-trap of Schiller" a theme of Bachian severity and magnificence. "The Ninth Symphony", they say, "rouses and fulfils our highest expectations for three movements and part of a fourth, and ends in a catclysmic anti-climax."

It is obvious that here they are indulging in literary rather than musical criticism. The phenomenon of music that rises mountainously above the text that inspires it appears in countless other compositions. The choral finale is unquestionably a true and sublime climax, the like of which Beethoven reached in no other work.

The Parlow Quartet

Kathleen Parlow, one of the great violinists of our time, has now founded and leads The Parlow String Quartet in Toronto. The other members of the Quartet are Samuel Hersenhoren, whose talent as a violinist is notable, John Dembeck, with a wide experience in chamber music and now principal viola player with the C.B.C. String Orchestra; and Isaac Mamott, who was the founder, and leader of "The Tudor String Quartet" in Winnipeg for five years before coming to Toronto.

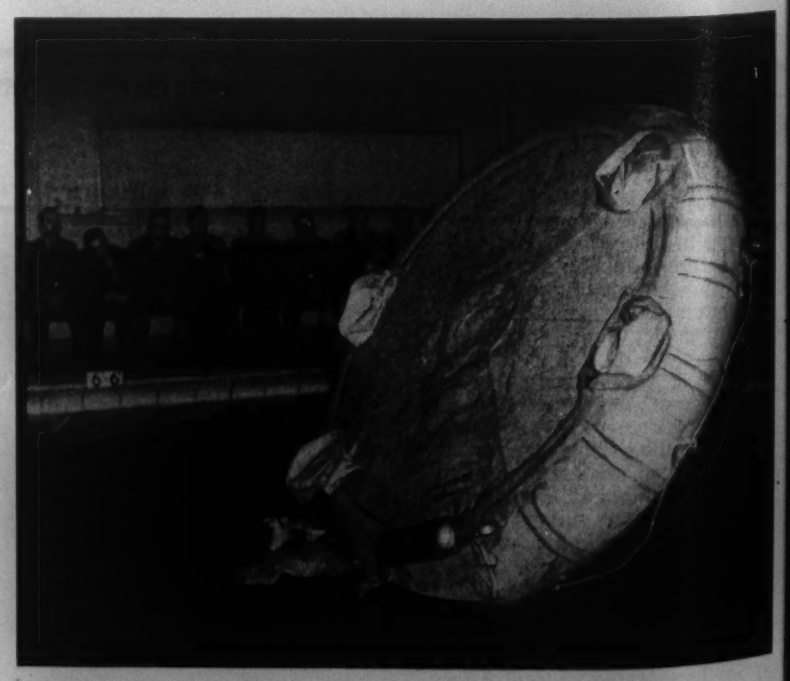
The Parlow String Quartet will give its first public recital at Eaton Auditorium on Saturday Evening, May 1. The program to be played is: Schubert, Op. 29, in A minor, Brahms No. 1 Op. 51, and Debussy Op. 10.

May Festival

Much interest is already being shown in the forthcoming May Festival of chamber music, announced by the Hart House Quartet for May 8, 11, 15 and 18 in the Great Hall of Hart House, University of Toronto. This season marks the fourth consecutive Spring Festival given by the Quartet with assisting artists.

Ten-Piano Recital

At the request of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, Miss Mona Bates has consented to repeat the successful ten-piano recital at Massey Hall on Tuesday, May 11. All proceeds will go to the Order's special fund for providing books for soldiers' camps. The artists co-operating with Miss Bates in this distinct musical novelty are all of the first rank.



A lesson they may find valuable some day: RAF air crew cadets are here shown how to right a capsized safety dinghy. Rubber rafts sometimes inflate bottom up when launched, must be thrown over the head to right.

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MONDAY — Balakireff-Casella: "Islamey"; Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 5; Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5.

TUESDAY—Brahms: Symphony No. 1; DeFalla: Dances from "Three-Cornered Hat"; Kennen: "Night Soliloquy; Wagner: "Prelude and Love-Death "Tristan".

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35

THE FILM PARADE

Ideological Murder

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT ISN'T ethical I know to give away plots; and the plot of "The Keeper of the Flame" is one that I wouldn't ordinarily give away to my worst enemy. But because the ideas the film has to promote are considerably more arresting than its involved and tricky way of setting them forth, the story may be worth going into in some detail.

Briefly, this is the story of an idealistic and patriotic American, a Mrs. Forrester (Katharine Hepburn), who murders her husband because he is showing Fascist tendencies which may prove dangerous to the nation. Mrs. Forrester naturally is too fastidious to murder Mr. Forrester with a sashweight. She just quietly fails to notify him that the bridge leading to their estate has been washed out, with the result that he crashes into a gully and is fatally injured. And since he is a popular idol the whole nation mourns, Mrs. Forrester mourning along with them in a pure white hostess gown, slightly ecclesiastical in feeling, and a hairdo modelled after "The Soul's Awakening".

She might of course have turned him over to the FBI. But this would involve extinguishing the Flame of national idealism, of which Mrs. Forrester is the self-appointed Keeper. The simpler solution is to allow him to break his neck, and let the public go on idealizing him, since what they imagine will continue to edify them and what they don't know won't hurt them. At about this point, however, Spencer Tracy comes into the picture. He is a journalist who is itching to write the biography of the late great American. He tries to use the widow as source material and it isn't long before her peculiar reticences begin to arouse his suspicions.

Now since the great man lived in a sort of native version of Berchtesgaden from which he issued merely to spellbind the public and organize the nation's young into a sort of junior Bund, you might think the reporter, a war correspondent fresh from Europe, might suspect Mr. Forrester. He doesn't though. He falls for the Forrester legend as hard as anyone else. He also falls for Mrs. Forrester, who is beautiful and touching and gowned by Adrian; and he is deeply shocked by the notion that she killed her husband for the sake of a coarse intrigue. It is typical of the film that his faith in Mrs. Forrester and the integrity of the American spirit is restored when he finds she murdered him on a point of ideology.

Mrs. Forrester doesn't quite escape however, for Hollywood recognizes that you can't get away with even ideological murder. She is shot by a Nazi agent (Richard Whorf) just after she has got off a splendid denunciation of her husband's anti-Jewish, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-Labor, anti-American activities. The hero is last shown busily canonizing Mrs. Forrester in the American press.

"The Keeper of the Flame" is expensively produced, with handsome sets, excellent actors and high-class dialogue. But it seemed to me both cheap and dangerous in its point of view. It is really no more than a cut above those tabloid murder dramas in which a susceptible jury allows the heroine to escape conviction ("Sure she bumped him off. But jeez, the guy had it coming to him"). And it is dangerous because it represents the sort of soft thinking that leads to violent conclusions. There is a story, certainly, in the desperate predicament of a scrupulous and high-minded woman married to a would-be Gauleiter; but this isn't it. The heroine's predicament is never actually revealed on the screen. We have only Mrs. Forrester's word for it, in a longish monologue towards the end of the picture, that her unusual conduct was entirely justified. And though Miss Hepburn was very passionate and eloquent in her explanations she didn't shake my conviction that husband-killing should be supervised by the state and not left to private enterprise.

"DESERT VICTORY" is one of the most remarkable records of a single campaign that have come out of the present war. This is the film that is being widely distributed in the Soviet to stiffen the confidence of the Russian people in the vigorous intention of their ally. It is hard to imagine anything better suited to the purpose.

The film traces the British Eighth Army's march and the German retreat all the way from El Alamein to Tripoli. The opening sequences describe, with a faithfulness that never slows the interest, the long period of preparation, supplying and calculation. Then with shattering force and suddenness the night barrage opens and the battle begins. "Desert Victory" is a War Records job, but it is also a cinematic triumph, handled by experts. No film of the war has been able to place the audience itself so heartshakingly in the actual centre of conflict.

The description of the Eighth Army's advance is varied and occasionally enlivened by odds and ends of captured German film, including one which shows the Fuehrer's triumphant Berlin reception of Rommel a short time before the Field Marshal set out on his long and hasty retreat.

A market in southern France: in peacetime, Madame's stall would have been loaded with fruits and vegetables but today it is bare, and she knits if she can get the wool. After many months of near starvation, France faces real famine in June and July of this year. This famine will hit least those who work for Germany, hit hardest those who still refuse to co-operate with Hitler for the furtherance of his "New Order."

"I'm Changing **My** *Spending Power to Lending Power"*

The great engine of attack is all ready . . . waiting for power to start the motor . . . turn the wheels . . . and generate action that will electrify the world with eventual Victory.

Where is that power coming from? From you and me and every Canadian who decides now to spend less on himself or herself and spend more on Victory Bonds.

Yes, we've got to stop the leaks in our budgets. For Canada's Fourth Victory Loan puts on us the responsibility of reaching the biggest objective in our history . . . $1,100,000,000! That objective calls for thought, for action, for self-denial! It calls for the all-out contribution of every citizen.

Remember, Victory was never nearer . . . it was never surer. Don't hold it back by "holding back". Now, as never before, is the time to change our spending power to lending power.

Buy VICTORY BONDS

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TIPS FOR TEA-STRETCHERS

1

Steep three to five minutes; get all the "tea" out before you throw the leaves away.

2

Use only the young TENDER leaves. There's more fragrance, more flavor, more "tea" in them. Ask . . . *by name* . . . for Tender Leaf Tea.

At your grocer's in two convenient sizes . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

THE hospitable Cloetes set one of the most interesting tables wherever they happen to be living—and that may be anywhere. Their specialty is South African-Dutch cooking; and the typical recipes they have given us are new for wartime menus—and are practical even under today's wartime rationing.

Author Stuart Cloete — his latest book "Congo Song" was published recently—was born to a generations-old, family tradition of Transvaal food. Artist Mildred Elizabeth Ellison, his American wife from New Jersey, married into it.

Since 1652, when Jacob Cloete received a land grant from the Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope, there have been Cloetes in the Transvaal—wine-growers, farmers, administrators, judges, generals; important Cloete men who had English titles bestowed on them; lovely Cloete women who were famous for charm and beauty. Our Stuart Cloete of this generation has a 1,600-acre farm near Pretoria, South Africa. But he has footholds in other places. He has a house and some 50 acres in the Bahamas; acreage in Florida; the New York apartment where he now lives. "I have never lived anywhere for more than three years," he says.

Call him a citizen of the world and you won't be far wrong. Stuart Cloete was born in Paris; went to school at Rugby, England; traveled in France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, South and East Africa, the West Indies; lived in many parts of the United States. He was in the last war and was seriously wounded twice. In this war he holds himself at the service of the U.S. Office of War Information, the Treasury Department, and the Writers' War Board.

The Cloetes can make a home and settle down anywhere—and on the shortest notice. All they demand is plenty of light for writing and painting. And a kitchen!

Now that it's war, Mr. Cloete is stronger than ever for eating at home. What he sees in hotels and restaurants disturbs him — "People who eat in restaurants waste good food," he says. "And the table d'hote dinner is largely to blame. People order the whole meal . . . eat only the foods they like . . . leave the rest to be wasted." His remedy? "Let every item of food be paid for and no one will order more than he can eat. The table d'hote menu should become a war casualty."

Now for the recipes the Cloetes gave us. They are for their own favorite dishes and have also proved big successes when served to their friends.

CONCERNING FOOD

They Eat at Home

BY DEMETRIA TAYLOR

Ingleledge (Pickled Fish)

- 1 tablespoon drippings
- 1 pound fish fillets, cut in serving-size pieces
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 3 medium onions, sliced
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1 tablespoon chutney (or chow-chow)
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- dash cayenne

Heat drippings; fry fish until tender, turning to brown. Remove fish. Add curry powder, onions and vinegar; cover and cook gently until onions are tender (about 10 minutes). Add chutney, sugar, salt and cayenne. Place fish in a bowl. Pour sauce over fish. Cover bowl and store in refrigerator 1-2 days. Serve cold. Place fish on a platter; pour sauce around it; garnish with lemon slices and parsley. Yield: 4 portions.

Eggs With Spinach

- 4 tablespoons drippings
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated cheddar cheese
- ½ cup minced parsley
- 4 cups cooked spinach (2 pounds, raw)
- 6 poached eggs

Melt drippings; combine flour, salt and pepper; blend with drippings. Add milk; cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Add cheese; stir until cheese melts. Add parsley. Put spinach in baking dish; top with poached eggs. Pour sauce over eggs. Set in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 10-15 minutes or until delicately browned. Yield: 6 portions.

Babotee

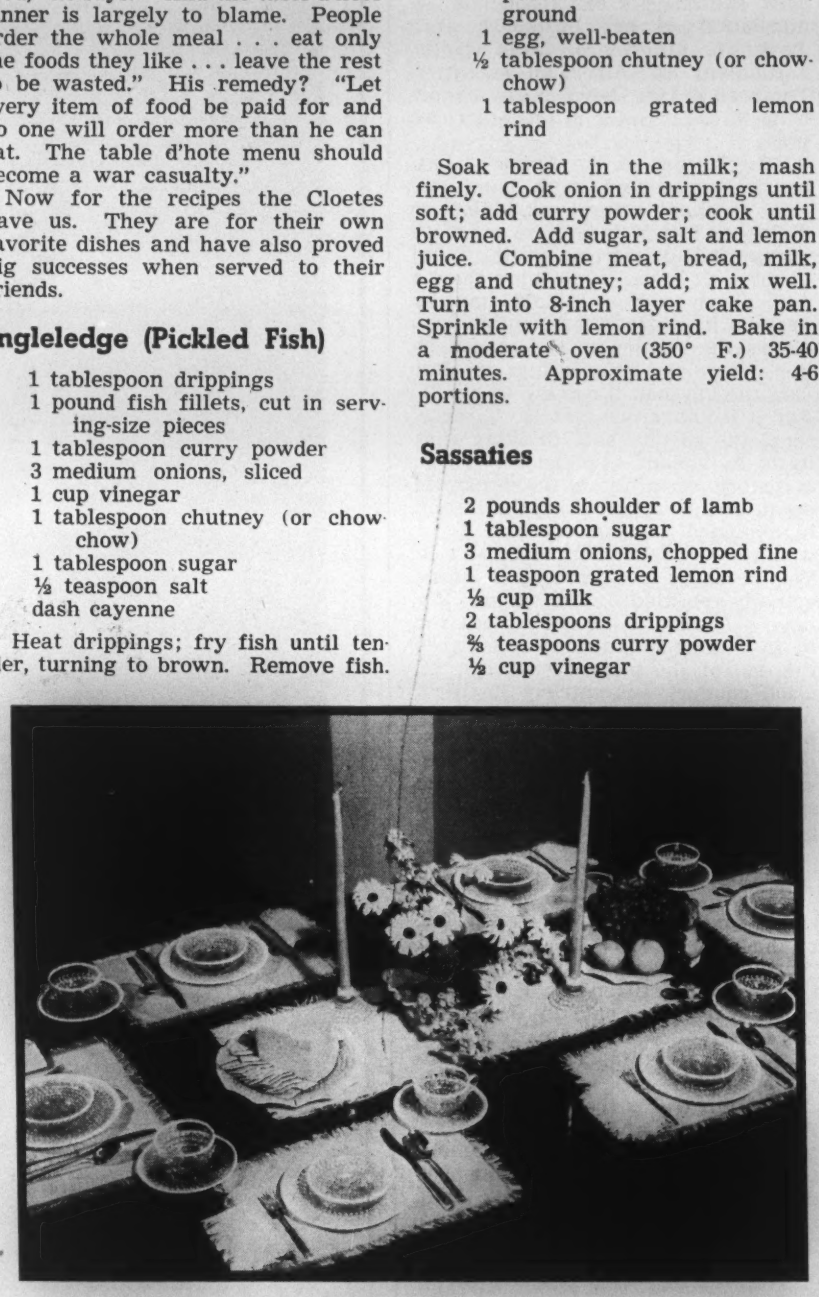
- 1 slice bread
- ½ cup milk
- 1 small onion, minced.
- 1 tablespoon drippings
- 2/3 teaspoons curry powder
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 pound beef or mutton, ground
- 1 egg, well-beaten
- ½ tablespoon chutney (or chow-chow)
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind

Soak bread in the milk; mash finely. Cook onion in drippings until soft; add curry powder; cook until browned. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice. Combine meat, bread, milk, egg and chutney; add; mix well. Turn into 8-inch layer cake pan. Sprinkle with lemon rind. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 35-40 minutes. Approximate yield: 4-6 portions.

Sassaties

- 2 pounds shoulder of lamb
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 3 medium onions, chopped fine
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ½ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons drippings
- ⅔ teaspoons curry powder
- ½ cup vinegar
- 2 tablespoons chutney (or chow-chow)

Cut lamb in 1-inch squares; combine with sugar, 1 tablespoon of the onion; lemon rind and milk. Heat drippings; cook remaining onion and curry powder until well browned. Add vinegar and chutney; boil up. Pour over lamb; place in the refrigerator over night. String the meat loosely on skewers, alternating fat and lean pieces. Broil 15-18 minutes, turning to brown evenly; heat the sauce to boiling. Place the skewered meat on a serving dish; pour the sauce around. Approximate yield: 6-8 portions.



Many a wartime hostess is using inexpensive understudies for her almost irreplaceable linens, china and sterling silver. Here cotton mats are used with Canadian made "Moonstone" glassware. Clear in the center, it has a milky white edge and a glint of blue in the center. The Community Plate is in the Milady pattern. The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

"BY JOVE, MY DEAH CLEVAH, EH, WHAT!"
FLOW CONTROL CORK prevents SPILLING OR OVER-SERVING
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WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

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It's the most zestful thin sauce you ever tasted, with the simplest, cleverest stopper you ever used.

16

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Informed and entertaining comment on the week's happenings at home and abroad.

RATION NEWS

Meat Rationing by Chart

Meat Coupon Value Charts will shortly be published in the press and will be supplied to retail stores that sell meat. The chart will explain clearly the number of Coupons which must be surrendered for each cut of rationed meats. It is necessary to cut Canadian consumption of meat by about 15 percent. This will allow approximately two pounds per person per week, carcass weight. The brown Spare "A" Coupons in Ration Book 2 will be used for the meat ration.

Butter Coupons

Butter Coupon No. 7 which became good on April 24, does not expire until May 31. Coupon No. 8 becomes good on May 1; Coupon No. 9 on May 8. Both Coupons expire May 31.

Spare Sugar Coupon

Dates for marketing rhubarb vary in different parts of the country. But this does not prevent housewives from using their No. 1 Spare "B" (blue) Coupon now for the extra pound of sugar for this purpose. This Coupon expires May 31. Your dealer has no right to insist you buy rhubarb when you use this spare sugar Coupon.

Wartime Emergencies

Branches of the Ration Administration can supply all information necessary to anyone seeking rationed food supplies in situations arising as wartime emergencies. Special arrangements have been made to meet such situations and anyone may obtain the necessary information and application forms at Ration Branches.

Small Arms Ammunition

The manufacture of cartridges for civilian requirements is being cut to about one-third of ordinary quantity. Fifty percent of the amount manufactured is being allocated to remote areas in the far North where people rely to a large extent on the hunting of game for food and for their livelihood. Any person may use whatever ammunition he has on hand but cannot buy ammunition without completing a certificate to establish that he is an authorized purchaser. The supply situation is such that small arms ammunition is not available for sporting purposes.

Barter or Exchange of Rationed Commodities

The Ration Orders explain how rationed commodities may be acquired. Consumers may only acquire rationed commodities by surrender of Coupons whether the goods are paid for in cash or whether they are exchanged for other goods. Any barter or exchange of rationed commodities is considered as a purchase. Dealers in rationed commodities are described in the Orders and they are the only persons from whom rationed commodities may be obtained.

This column will appear in this newspaper every week to keep you up-to-date on Ration News. Clip and keep for reference

RATION ADMINISTRATION

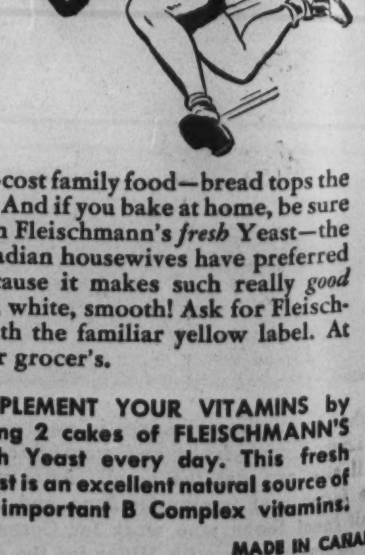
THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

7

Burning up Energy?

EAT MORE BREAD!

—bake it with Fleischmann's fresh Yeast— it puts B vitamins into the loaf



For a high-energy, low-cost family food—bread tops the list. Serve it *every* meal. And if you bake at home, be sure *your* bread is made with Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast—the dependable Yeast Canadian housewives have preferred for over 70 years because it makes such really *good bread* . . . fine-textured, white, smooth! Ask for Fleischmann's fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. At your grocer's.

SUPPLEMENT YOUR VITAMINS by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This fresh yeast is an excellent natural source of the important B Complex vitamins.

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THE Selkirk grace attributed to Robert Burns just about meets the pre-rationing meat situation in Canada—

"Some hae meat and canna eat;
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat
And sae the Lord be thankit."

Rationing will look after the ones that "want" it perfectly adequately. Those meals of individual inch-thick steaks are out for the duration, along with enough bobbie pins for your back hair and a decent supply of paper handkerchiefs. We will just get along on what is a perfectly good amount of meat, and that is easier to do than stopping your sneezes on account of the handkerchief shortage when you have a frightful spring cold in the nose.

The thing meat rationing is going to do for us is to teach us a whole lot about the different cuts. Of course good housewives have always used a wide variety of meats. It's the ones who only know a chop or a steak when they see them who have had difficulties. The division of meats according to their bone content will offer a liberal meat education, and unfortunately for the butchers of the land they are the ones who will have to do most of the lecturing. Poor dears, they didn't know what they were getting into when they set out to learn how to roll a nice roast of beef. It's the schoolmaster's right or practice to show some impatience at the dumb pupils, but there is still a rumor abroad that the customer is right, though it is not believed by every retailer these days.

Anyway the time has gone when you ask for a nice steak for two and the butcher cuts a two pound one, and you think— "How extravagant, but how lovely. We'll have turnips for a vegetable to make up," and you say "All right." If you do that now you'll be eating everything but meat for most of the balance of the week.

Here are some recipes which call for meat in only moderate quantities.

Beef in Casserole

1 pound of beef (left over from a roast or the lean part of the tail of steaks)
2 tablespoons of butter
2 tablespoons of flour
1 cup of stock
1 tablespoon of chopped parsley
2 tablespoons of chopped onions
½ cup of mushrooms
1 green pepper chopped
1 tablespoon of sherry
½ cup of sour cream
2 cups of rice, boiled and dried
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter in the top of the double boiler, and stir in the flour, then add the stock. If you haven't any use a bouillon cube or some concentrated beef essence. Let the sauce thicken, then add the parsley and the onion and put the pan over the bottom of the double boiler and let it simmer for about twenty minutes. Sauté the mushrooms and pepper in fat, and when they are cooked put them in the bottom of a casserole. Cut the meat in thin slices and put on top of the mushrooms and season well. Stir the cream into the sauce in the double boiler and add the sherry. Then pour over the meat in the casserole, and let cook in a medium oven till it is thoroughly heated. Serve with rice which has been carefully boiled, dried and kept warm.

Lamb Pie

2½ cups of cooked lamb, diced
1½ cups of sliced carrots
1½ cups of potatoes diced
1 cup of string beans, fresh or canned
1 onion chopped
2 teaspoons of salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons of flour
3 tablespoons of fat
1 cup of diced celery
⅓ cup of canned tomatoes
3 cups of boiling water

Melt the fat and stir in the flour and let it brown. Then add salt and pepper and boiling water and stir till the gravy is smooth and has thickened. Put all the other ingredients in a casserole or baking dish, pour on the gravy, cover and let it cook in a medium oven for about an hour and a half. Then make a pie crust, and put over the meat and vegetables in place of the cover. Heat the oven to about 400 and replace the pie and cook till the pastry is done. If you have not the time or the energy or skill to make good pie crust yourself, buy it ready made, just cut off a hunk, roll it out and put it over your meat and there you are.

CONCERNING FOOD

"But We Hae Meat"

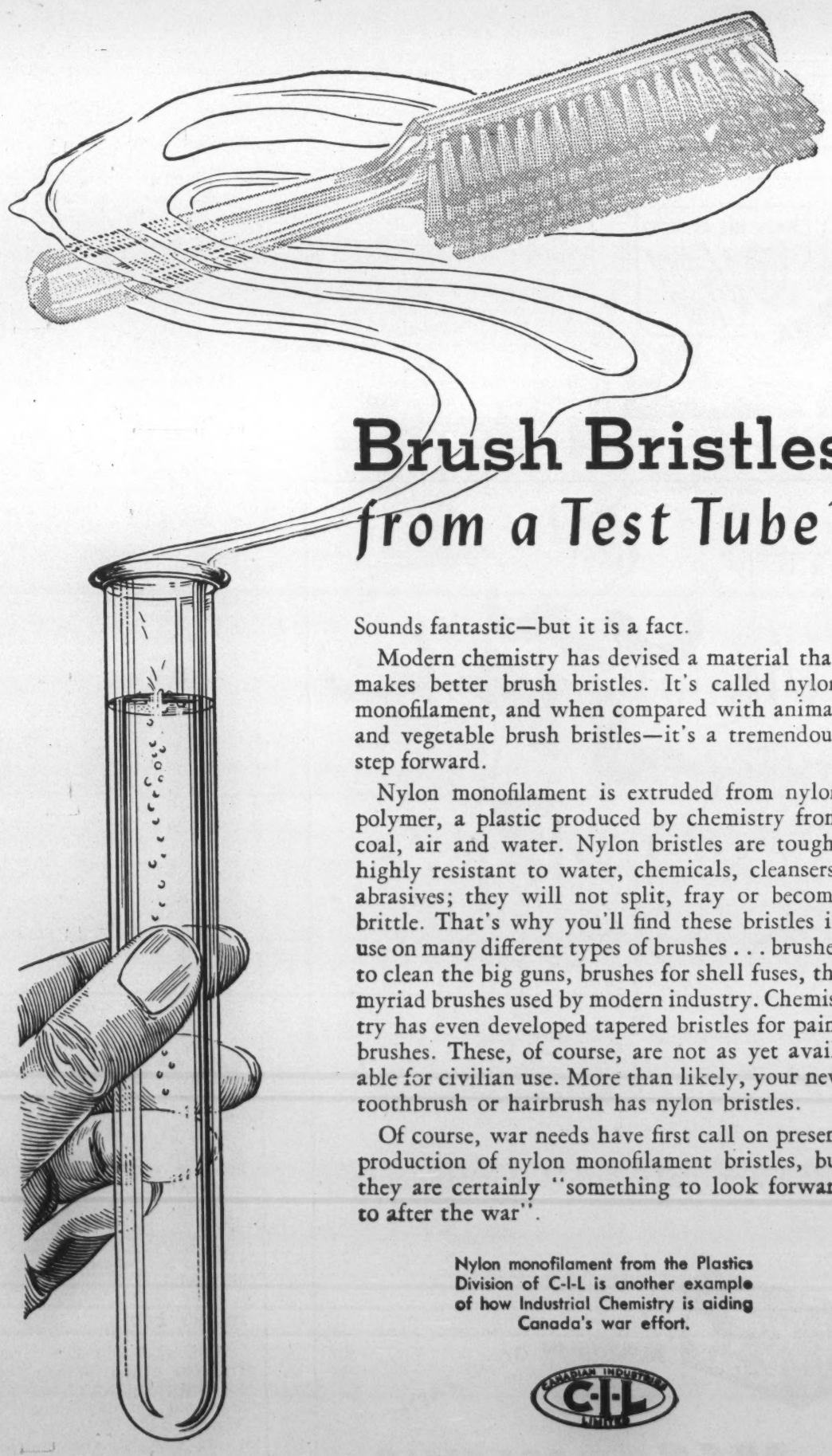
BY JANET MARCH

Liver and Vegetables

1 pound of beef liver
1 onion sliced
2 cupfuls of tomatoes
½ cupful of diced celery
2 carrots sliced
2 tablespoons of fat
2 tablespoons of flour
½ teaspoon of salt
Pepper
1 bayleaf

Cut the liver up into small squares and roll in the salt, pepper and flour mixed. Then brown in the fat. When the meat is lightly cooked put it into a casserole. Brown the onion, celery and carrots in the same fat and then add to the casserole along with the tomatoes and bayleaf. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a half.

CHEMISTRY HELPS TO WIN THE WAR



Brush Bristles from a Test Tube?

Sounds fantastic—but it is a fact.

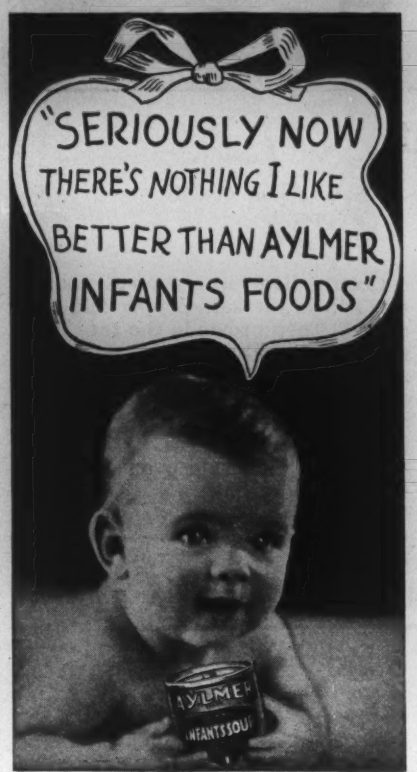
Modern chemistry has devised a material that makes better brush bristles. It's called nylon monofilament, and when compared with animal and vegetable brush bristles—it's a tremendous step forward.

Nylon monofilament is extruded from nylon polymer, a plastic produced by chemistry from coal, air and water. Nylon bristles are tough, highly resistant to water, chemicals, cleansers, abrasives; they will not split, fray or become brittle. That's why you'll find these bristles in use on many different types of brushes . . . brushes to clean the big guns, brushes for shell fuses, the myriad brushes used by modern industry. Chemistry has even developed tapered bristles for paint brushes. These, of course, are not as yet available for civilian use. More than likely, your new toothbrush or hairbrush has nylon bristles.

Of course, war needs have first call on present production of nylon monofilament bristles, but they are certainly "something to look forward to after the war".

Nylon monofilament from the Plastics Division of C-I-L is another example of how Industrial Chemistry is aiding Canada's war effort.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED



LISTEN : TUESDAY : THURSDAY
MORNINGS 10.15
TALKS ON BABY CARE
CFRB TORONTO

FEMININE OUTLOOK

Any Dog Can Have My Day

BY PEN GILLY

NOW don't be silly, you know perfectly well that the clock hasn't gained a couple of hours in the night. The alarm is ringing because it's 7.30. Well a couple of minutes can't make any difference so—Oh, can't they? This is the day that man really promised the coal. You could practically see him cross his heart over the 'phone.

Pad, pad downstairs—48° in the living room. Good thing we're an outdoor family. Practically a holiday—no coal in the bin so no furnace to fix. Wonder why it had to be my order they lost, me being so efficient and ordering it six weeks ahead. Come kiddies, it's fun to see your breath—have all the burners and the oven on so the kitchen will be cosy for breakfast—nice hot porridge and off to the lovely warm school.

What a marvellous chance to write letters! So into the neighbor's with paper and pen and an offer to mind the mumpy one in return for the use of her warmth. First letter to husband overseas. Everything going along swimmingly here—much love dear. Never mention little contretemps or the daily visits to the dentist—only been doing it six weeks anyway, and he would worry.

Pink Satin Bows

Mumpy child appears in pink satin hair bows and a pair of shoes. "Won't it be lovely when it's summer and we can have our lunch in the garden?" "Yes, darling, it will—now upstairs and into some clothes."

Home for lunch. Still 48° so we're not losing any ground. Kiddies fed and now—off to the dentist. But suppose the coal arrives? Back to the neighbor's with money—older child now minding mumpy one. "Look, dear, here is a twenty dollar bill. No, I don't think it has as many twenties on it as a two has twos. We'll put it under the clock and leave a note for the coal man. He'll come and get it—oh it's just an old bill I had around the house. No I don't have money either. How silly to be nervous, just forget it's here."

Dear Coal Man—please leave coal and collect next door to west. Wonder if all coal men can read.

Now for the bus. Could have done without the distinction of dry sockets which take weeks to heal and hurt like this. The bus—no I won't run for it this time. Pant, pant—sure enough it can be caught. Leap aboard saying thank you with flashing smile. No response from driver who has waited only because this is the end of the line and he is a couple of minutes ahead of time. Anyway flashing smile a great mistake with such a gap in teeth.

Charm for the Banker

Just time to dash from bus to bank. Manager waves but can't keep dentist sharpening things while we chat. Tell him he looks marvellous in his new spring suit. He beams but says it's only the new tie. This exchange should bear fruit when he has to be hit up for a loan.

Right on time at the office. "Well, how are we today?" Don't know about you but speaking for myself . . . no, the nurse is too young, can't let her hear that. "Why, of course I feel like some extraction today. You never hurt and I think you're wonderful." This may help with the bill. Would like to use your phone—"Hello little friend, has the coal come yet? Oh, too bad. Well don't be nervous, I'll soon be there and take the twenty home again."

Push, push on the street car—now why does she think that hat looks better on backwards? Well maybe she has all her teeth and doesn't need to care. Can manage the meat on my transfer—"Oh that's pork tenderloin." Must have been a very unhappy pig. "That's plenty, never touch it myself." Little trouble in enunciating with mouth full of cotton. Acquaintance on bus, very discouraged having to do housework. "My dear, you simply must get away for a few days, don't see how you stand having so much to do."

The Rueful Baritone

Rescue twenty and soothe child who will never make a bank teller. Phone coal company and get baritone who bitterly regrets having given his right name. "Remember me? Well it hasn't come. Oh, please don't feel so badly, you have done all anyone could. It's at the docks! Oh splendid! No, the children haven't got pneumonia—they're really very strong." (Am saving the fact that daddy is overseas for use when there is a real emergency).

Come, kiddies, we'll all take these nice baskets in next door and borrow some coal against their better judgment. Grandmother has donated some coal for the grate and it does look lovely with a fire in it! Dump the baskets in the bin. Knock, knock on the door—oh the coal man! Rather expected a red suit and long whiskers, but he has got his sack on his back. Lovely rumble of coal pouring into bin. Then the phone. "Why I haven't seen her for eighteen years—will be right over." Upstairs for lipstick and down the cellar with the twenty. Sort of hate to part with that old friend.

Indoor Pool

Well, what a lovely pre-war touch! The coal man is damping down the dust with a spray of water just like the good old days—must tip him. Overdoing it a bit though, better turn it off now. Receive puzzled stare. "You mean you didn't turn it on?" Closer look reveals that main water pipe has burst, forming spray.

Call the plumber. "Well tomorow afternoon will hardly do as things are starting to float around already. You'll send George after his supper? That's wonderful." Hope to have the strength to swim to the door to let him in. Phone to tell old school friend that no small or even medium-sized leak would keep me from her side, but this is too fascinating to leave.

"Did you say when do we eat, dear? Oh any time now—just sit by the lovely fire." Why there's a little warmth in the kitchen radiator—will just lean against it while fixing the tenderloin. Smells kind of good, too, but it's fun losing all this weight on egg noggs and soup. Wish my pride would let me dunk a piece of toast!

George

Why here is George all ready to earn his overtime. It seems this is his anniversary as he's been married three years and four months today. His wife is pretty disappointed he can't take her out. Can't tell you how sorry I am George—could just as easily have had the pipe burst another day. He gives me short course in plumbing and the fascinating fact that the pipe has been a good and faithful servant for 15 years. The one he'll put in will last for 30! Doubt if I'll be here to see the fun when it gives up.

Nobody thought to draw any water so pile up the dishes with a clear conscience for once. Neighbor from east side arrives with child. Has just had lovely invitation to concert—will I mind kiddie? Down to see George who seems baffled. Apparently our plumbing is as unusual as dry sockets. Slight feeling of dislocation in jaw has passed unnoticed until now. Will just sit by the fire and read the paper. Four children playing solitaire takes up all floor space. Youngest off to bed. "No bath tonight dear. No, no drink either, and let's skip cleaning our teeth tonight just for a lark."

Sympathy and Symphony

"Coming, George." Don't know how he'd manage without me! Time moves quickly while plumbing and here are the neighbors on the west home from the Symphony. All cluster round while George explains

Hollace Shaw, known on the air as Vivien, soprano soloist of "Hour of Charm" program, was voted one of America's twelve best-dressed women in annual Fashion Academy award.

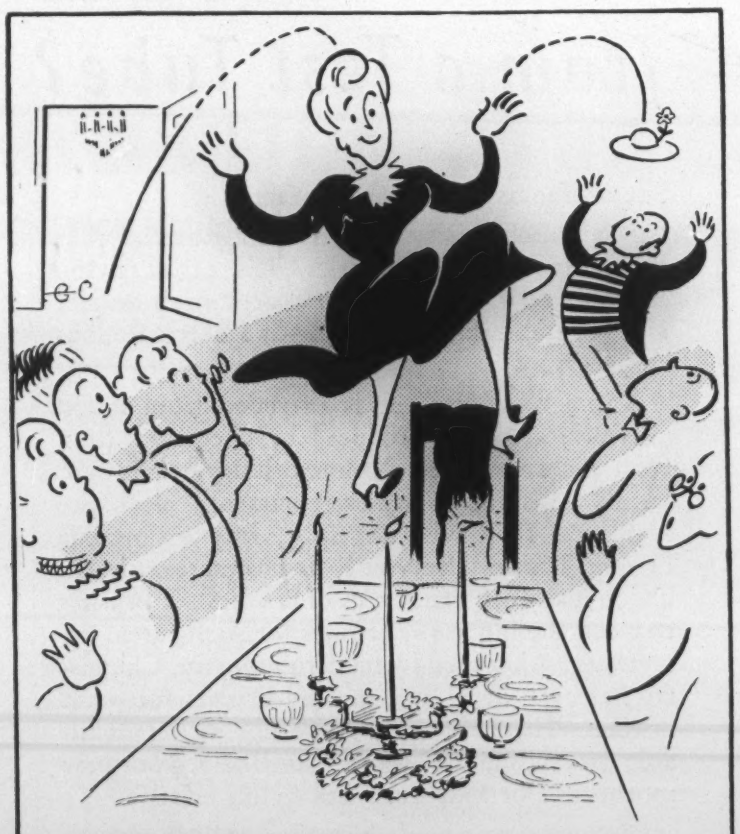
again—really quite a party. If I'd known they were coming would certainly have run a duster over those furnace pipes—they're simply disgraceful. Other neighbor drops down. He's had a hard day sitting in Court so am very sympathetic.

Cold Comfort

Plumbing finished now and George will go out and turn on the water at the dingus on the lawn. Will I be good enough to shout when the water starts to run? Only too glad, George. Minutes pass. "You can't get it on George? Well that's bound to happen with a thing that hasn't been turned on in 15 years. Goodnight, George, and tell the City not to come before noon because I'll be at the dentist's. Sorry your wife was disappointed."

Alone at last. Will just run a good hot bath and maybe never get out of it. Try the hot, try the cold. Funny how we come to expect these little comforts. Well one can always go to bed, can't one. Feel slight misgiving remembering that bed is fifteen years old too, but the gods are kind and it supports the weary frame.

Anyway, tomorrow will be another day. Yep—that's what I'm afraid of.



Late Arrivals are Inconsiderate

ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

McCORMICK'S
JERSEY CREAM SODAS

The "two-piece" tubbable suit-dress has endeared itself as a summer classic to young girls and women. Here it is in the original linen-like spun rayon material as reproduced by Holt, Renfrew & Company, Ltd.

THE OTHER PAGE

Literary Allusions

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

THIS is not of literary allusions in the usual sense of the phrase, but *with a difference*. Though examples of the way in which I am here using it must be chiefly from my own experience, I have no doubt that kindred examples will come to my readers' minds from their own contacts with books, interrupting their perusal with personal applications. Had I known in my youth how, when past the middle years, these allusions would recover its pleasures, I would have noted in my books the dates and places of their purchase and the places to which I carried them. Here, in passing, is a word of advice to my juniors: Do it now; in your best monkish hand, if only on the last end-paper, make record of time and place.

Some years ago now I visited in London a friend from whom I had a hint, apropos, that I did not take. Book after book she drew from her shelves and, opening them, displayed to me the neatly inscribed memoranda in them. Inside *The Return of the Native,* for one example, I recall there was a record of the date on which she had travelled down to Dorchester with So-and-So and had tea with Thomas Hardy. I did not, alas, take the hint. Thomas Bird Mosher—the American publisher—in his 1908 catalogue quoted a poem by Viola Taylor inspired by coming on an old edition of Cowley's poems in which some one unknown had written: "From my dear love, Sydney Pickering, whom I do *utterly* love and adore." In another of his catalogues (1918)—he had a heart for such things—he quotes some verses by Nancy Maude *On Looking at a Children's Book, dated* 1838, *with the inscription, "To Edward, John, Mary, with fond love."*

"Edward I find died young in '43,
But Mary lived to quite the other day;
And John's the cross old man in the bath-chair
Who often comes this way."

TOO often to please me, perambulating before my shelves, I cannot recall where first I met this, that, and the other volume, apart from those specially treasured ones inscribed and autographed for me by their authors. As for those: Here is a row of his books from Cunninghame Graham, many of them with inscriptions in Spanish, because he knew I was born in Chile; and at the end of the row his *Rodeo* with no autograph, with only a printed card pasted into it, "With the Author's Compliments," word having been left by him at his publishers' in London, before his departure for South America, for a copy to be sent to me on issue. Its arrival, a few days after I heard of his death in Buenos Aires, was like a posthumous salute of *Adios.*

Here is a copy of Anatole France's *Mother of Pearl* and in the forefront a card from the translator, Frederic Chapman: "I shall call Saturday morning between twelve and one with the idea of carrying you off to lunch." That takes me back to the Mont Blanc in Gerrard Street with the bay-trees in tubs beside its door. We sit again at a table upstairs and Chapman discusses Balzac with our waiter. At another table were W. H. Davies and Walter de la Mare and Edward Garnett, and as we were coming out there was a sturdy even tread in the entrance and Hilaire Belloc passed us going in as though taking the place by assault—all recalled because of that post-card in my *Mother of Pearl.*

HERE is a volume, though not an autographed one, with its allusion, retained from a sentimental pilgrimage of my 'teens: a copy of the poems of Alexander Smith, in which are two daisies held in place by a fragment of stamp-margin and the explanation that these I picked on Alexander Smith's grave in Edinburgh. Here is a two-volume copy of the *Journals of Lewis and Clark.* It brings back to me a summer day in the Rocky Mountains, a summer evening, the roar of Takkakaw Falls foaming down from the Daly Glacier, the smell of wood-smoke and odor of forests. I sit with a group on the veranda of the rest house — John Murray Gibbon, of *Steel of Empire* and *Canadian Mosaic,* one of the number, and Dan McCowan, of *Animals of the Canadian Rockies,* another — talking of the early explorers both north and south of the line. In a lull in that talk I made the inquiry if anyone knew of an edition of the *Journals* on the market and was promptly informed by one of the party that he had recently tried to get a copy only to find that no edition was obtainable, that all were out of print. A young American, rising to go then, presented me with his card and in return I gave him mine. We shook hands, and with the flutter of dust from a horse's hoofs down the trail I thought that was the end of that. But some weeks later, on returning home, I found awaiting me this copy of the *Journals of Lewis and Clark*—with the compliments of that young American.

This *Robinson Crusoe* transports me back into my first decade. The mother of Kerr Lawson, the Scots painter, gave it to me, and touching it with a finger as I walk before my shelves I see again an old house in Shields Road, Glasgow, and the moted sun-shafts of a distant day in the book-lined room where she presented me with it. This copy of Robert Bridge's *Shorter Poems* in the blue paper covers I bought in Princes Street, Edinburgh and, by my first glance in it there, was so greatly enthralled that I read in it as I walked homeward. Always it restores to my mind a sudden arresting burst of sunlight between flying clouds on the broad bleached paving-flags of St. Andrew Square.

So it goes: And it seems that, after all, despite my remissness in making memorial notes in my books, a fair number have not required them. As I walk before my shelves they tell me of more than themselves, give me back the wind in leaves out of distant summers, give me again cosy sanctuary, firelight, rain on windows out of the past.

BOLERO SUIT

Best "Short Story" of 1943

Nicely proportioned as a good piece of fiction, it's a prize-winner among the new short jacket suits. This one's a "Mangone" in coal black wool with a crepey weave . . . its only trimming buttoned tabs which finish the cardigan neckline and pretend to be pockets. Teamed with it is a "Caballero" blouse—black hearts printed on turquoise rayon crepe — with ruffles spilling down the front and at the wrist. Size 14. $45.00.

The Little Coat and Suit Shop, MAIN FLOOR

1900 bonnet in black fur felt—its brim laden with flowers; other colours to order. $22.50.

The Specialty Millinery Shop, MAIN FLOOR

EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

FINANCE
INSURANCE

THE BUSINESS FRONT

THE MARKET
GOLD & DROSS

Safety for the Investor — SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 1, 1943 — *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

We're Going to Need Cargo Planes for Post-War

BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

Canada wants a share, and a good share, in the world's air transport business after the war. Her geographic position, her strategically-located airports, her many experienced airmen and her developed meteorological services seem to entitle her to that good share. But to get it, she also requires capital and aircraft—transport aircraft.

Her capacity to produce transport aircraft does not compare with that of prospective competitors in the post-war air transport field. Up to the present Canadian air operators have been able to equip themselves with imported aircraft, but if competition is unrestricted after the war they may not be so successful. An especial weakness is the lack of engine-producing facilities.

IN THE international poker game of civil air transport Canada holds good cards but is a little short of chips.

It will be some time yet before the betting ends and the hands go down, and in the interval it would appear to be sound strategy to hold the hand tight to the chest and build up the pile of chips.

The stake is a share in the operation of the network of international and inter-continental air services which are certain to girdle the globe when aviation is partly or wholly demobilized.

The cards are Canada's geographic position, her hundreds of strategically-located military and civilian air ports, her developed meteorological services, the skill and experience of thousands of airmen.

The chips are capital in money, aircraft and capacity to produce aircraft. The course of the war, much as it has increased Canada's productive capacity in many lines, has not brought to this country an increase in the capacity to produce transport aircraft comparable to that which has taken place in countries which may face us across the poker table.

In the recent statement of Government policy on civil air transport by the Prime Minister one important move to strengthen the betting power behind Canada's hand was announced. The Government has undertaken the design of distinctive Canadian types of transport aircraft suitable for post-war industry with a view to the production in this country of part of the equipment Canadian services will need.

More Than Employment

Although Mr. King spoke of providing employment for some workers in aircraft production who face unemployment when military production slackens off, there is much more than employment behind the move. There is a realization of what happens to a small operator when he has to buy the tools of his trade from a big operator who is in the same line of business.

If Canadians are to operate international air services in the future or even hold their own in the business of transporting by air within Canada they must be able to secure the best aircraft available in the desired numbers, secure them quickly and at a cost as low as any others.

Up to the present Canadian air operators have been able to equip themselves with imported aircraft but if competition is unrestricted after the war they may not be so successful. Hence it is important to put the aircraft manufacturing industry in this country in a position to supply transport aircraft.

The industry has developed rapidly but on rather specialized lines from the small stature it had attained by the outbreak of war. Its development has been in the manufacture of military aircraft for com-

In Britain, Civil Defence has developed from a part-time to full-time work for thousands of citizens. An excellent example of this is the super air-raid warden service, officially known as the Mobile Reserve. These "Blitz Flyers", as they call themselves, are experts at rescue work, fire fighting, and gas decontamination. Equipped for any emergency, their fast transports stand ready to move them anywhere at any time, day or night, when air raid sirens wail. Members of the Mobile Reserve, recruited from part-time ARP workers, undergo four weeks intensive training before joining the "Flying Columns" of which the Reserve is composed. Pictures show the Kent County Unit, first of its kind in Britain, and model for others since organized. Above, Mobile Reserve convoy of utility vans, ambulances, and decontamination units.

Blitz Flyers of the Mobile Reserve preparing for action. Utility van carries equipment for rescue work, first aid, fire fighting. Rescue party (below) searches ruins of a blitzed house in southern England.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Currency Plans and Gold

BY P. M. RICHARDS

WHEN the world was given the British and United States proposals for post-war stabilization of international currency exchanges, the public's first reaction was that it was a matter of choice between two plans more or less definitely in opposition to each other, with the question of use or non-use of gold as the main issue between the two. The American plan gives its currency unit, the Unitas, a fixed value in terms of gold and makes it redeemable in that metal; the British currency unit, the Bancor, is not redeemable in gold and its gold value may be varied by the International Clearing Union to be set up under the British (Keynes) plan. Canada, as one of the world's leading gold producers, has seemed to incline to the American (Harry D. White) plan.

Now it begins to be evident that there is more agreement and less conflict between the Keynes and White plans than was first supposed; that the aim of both is to facilitate the expansion of world trade through the removal of trade barriers, the stabilizing of international exchange rates and the setting up of a practical system for international fiscal co-operation. Canada, as one of the leading countries in world trade, obviously stands to gain importantly by the achievement of this general aim. And in regard to gold, it is clear, on reflection, that Russia as well as the British Empire is a large producer of gold and thus unlikely to approve the dropping of that metal and that the United States will scarcely accept any situation that would demonetize its huge (over $22 billions) gold holdings. It is noted that Lord Keynes has said that "The purpose of the Clearing Union is to supplant gold as a governing factor, but not to dispense with it."

Faith in Gold

Canada's gold mining stocks continue to stand well above their lows of this year, showing a remarkable recovery from their 1942 lows. The attitude of all leading gold mining men appears to be that of Jules R. Timmins, president of Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., when he said at that company's annual meeting last week: "This country's gold mining industry has a great future ahead, though at present adversely affected by war conditions."

If the reader thinks Mr. Timmins may possibly be prejudiced, he is invited to consider a statement of faith in gold by the National City Bank of New York, whose opinions as expressed in its monthly bank letters are highly regarded. In December last the bank said there was no reason to suppose that central banks and governments will give up the use of gold. In the first place, the bank said, it is difficult to conceive of a monetary system based upon anything but the precious metals commanding the confidence of the people. Monetary systems cannot be built upon fancy theories, but upon the way people think and behave. Gold and silver have come to be used as money and standards of value not because some group of theorists willed it that way, but because of tradition and practice from time immemorial. And of the two precious metals, gold offers the greater advantage by virtue of its wider use as a base in the past and its greater scarcity.

A second reason for the continued use of gold is that it is needed for making international settlements; a third reason lies in the huge vested interest in it by the United States and the British Empire.

Not the Old Standard

The use of gold in monetary systems does not necessarily mean going back to precisely the same form of gold standard that existed before the war, said the bank letter. While discussion of the gold standard tends to be concerned with its mechanics, that in reality is the least important part of the problem. The real question is how the enterpriser can be given assurance about the value of the money he handles, so that he will be prepared to go ahead and employ people and capital.

The goal that is wanted is full employment. But government alone cannot guarantee this. There has to be enterprise. And there cannot be full employment and active private enterprise and trade between nations without removal of some of the uncertainties of recent years. Of course the greatest uncertainty was that of peace or war. Another great uncertainty was whether the money in which business was done might shrink in value in the hands of its holders. There was great reluctance to employ money in other countries to any large extent because of this risk.

A vital question about the future of enterprise, the bank letter continued, is how men can be assured that the money in which they do business will retain its value. Long experience has shown that the promises of governments alone cannot suffice, for these promises have been broken too often. . . . In the past the free convertibility of currency into gold has been an impartial and non-political guarantee of the value of money. The evidence of demand for gold in many parts of the world is indication of the natural and logical human reaching out for some form of guarantee of the continuity and preservation of values.

No matter what detailed form the monetary mechanism may take in coming years, it is safe to say, asserts the bank, that unless this basic need for certainty and assurance as to the value of money is satisfied, the goal of full employment will be hard to reach because the human ingenuity and enterprise on which employment rests will be stifled at the source.

bat and for training. It lacks facilities for engine production.

When Great Britain, due to the unforeseen reverses of 1940, was unable to supply the training aircraft needed to operate the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, the Canadian industry rose to the occasion and the airframes for the trainers were produced here. With excellent engine factories producing in the United States and with other types of war production being expanded to the limit in Canada, it was clearly sound business at that time to import engines, rather than attempt to produce them here.

A Weakness

From the long range viewpoint, however, the lack of engine-producing facilities is a weakness. It is one which cannot easily be overcome because of the complexity of the aircraft engine and the variety of types, but it is a weakness which should not be ignored. As soon as all-out war production ceases, the present policy on aircraft engines could well be reviewed.

The provision of designs will enable the industry to switch quickly from military to civilian types of aircraft, and even under the worst conditions the engine situation would not become acute for some time as Canada, in common with other air powers, will end the war with immense numbers of engines on hand. Later, engines of improved types will be needed and if the better-equipped manufacturing countries should attempt to support their air transport companies by restricting the supplies of engines available to their competitors Canadian production would be essential.

Although Canada should be prepared for unrestricted competition there is little reason for this country to welcome it. The official statement of government policy stresses the desirability of international collaboration and co-operation. Under such a policy the allocation of international air routes to operators in different countries would be settled by agreement after conferences between governments.

The fact that while all governments deprecate any distractions from the immediate task of winning the war an exception is made in the attention given to the future of air transport indicates the delicacy of the negotiations which are envisioned to bring about international co-operation. In connection with no other aspect of post-war international relations has the Canadian Government felt it necessary to announce to the world that it intends to insist on its dues.

Mr. King said, "the government intends to press vigorously for a place in international air transportation consistent with Canada's geographical position and progress in aviation."

Geography and progress in aviation are a pair of aces but watch out for someone with a pair of kings and a long bank roll.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE world at large is reaching out for gold to a greater extent than at any previous time in the past decade. Gold flowing away from the Treasury of the United States has reached a rate of $5,000,000 to $6,000,000 every twenty-four hours. More than $75,000,000 left the Treasury during the first week of April.

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This turn in the tide of gold is being widely attributed to two factors. First is the large purchases which the United States itself is making of materials of war. Second is the general desire of nations throughout the world to replenish their own gold stores.

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The rush to secure gold is the natural result of the growing assurance that the business of the world will be ultimately returned to a sound basis. A victory for the Axis powers would have opened out the road to business on a basis of bulldozing and horse trading,—and without gold as a yardstick of measurement. The current flow of gold out across the world is a direct reflection of the waning power of Hitler and his dupes, and the growing assurance of victory for the United Nations.

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Lake Shore Mines handled 920 tons of ore daily during the first three months of 1943 and produced $1,512,724. This compared with an output of $1,426,475, in the preceding quarter, the increase this year being a result of securing a higher grade ore. Mill heads have been up around $20 to the ton, with recovery averaging $18.26 per ton.

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Ontario Nickel Corp. is expected to begin production about the middle of this year, having contracted to ship a minimum of 80 tons of ore daily by truck. The enterprise is attracting considerable interest because of the attempt to bear the cost of trucking and to undertake production without reduction works of its own.

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Debates are varied and widespread in mining and financial circles with regard to the relative merits of the Keynes plan or the Morgenthau proposal for rehabilitation of world currencies. My own impression, gathered as a result of a special effort to measure the drift of opinion in mining circles,—is that Canadian opinion at this time is leaning strongly in favor of the Morgenthau plan. Using the American dollar as a yardstick, it would not surprise some of the mining interests to witness stabilization on a basis of a $3.00 pound and an 80-cent Canadian dollar. With gold valued at $35.00 an ounce in United States dollars and with the Canadian dollar at 80 cents, it would require 43¾ Canadian dollars to buy an ounce of gold,—in other words, producers of gold in Canada receiving $43.73 an ounce in Canadian currency for their gold.

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McKenzie Red Lake Gold Mines produced $1,039,209 during 1942 compared with $1,000,436 in 1941. Net profit for 1942 was $301,321 compared with $258,921 in 1941. Working capital declined to $515,866 as compared with $554,721 a year ago. Ore reserves were more than maintained during the year.

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Buffalo Ankerite produced $2,444,285 during 1942 compared with $2,760,979 in 1941. Net profit declined sharply to $28,089 compared with $182,450 during 1941. Ore reserves also fell off sharply, being estimated at 402,355 tons compared with 612,558 a year ago. A favorable feature was a rise in working capital to $548,505 as compared with $266,452 at the close of 1941.

•

Macassa Mines produced $481,181 during the first three months of 1943 compared with $577,891 in the preceding quarter. Net profit also declined sharply to $171,864 in the first quarter of 1943 as compared with $253,695 in the preceding three months.

•

MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines produced $2,567,990 during 1942 compared with $2,284,856 in the preceding year. Operating profit rose to $957,413 compared with $932,315 in 1941. Higher taxes, however, helped to reduce net profits slightly, the net for 1942 being $406,033 compared with $509,439 in 1941. An important development is the discovery that ore shows every indications of persisting to much greater depth, thus enabling the company to plan for a long life. Another important factor is that the mine is equipped with milling machinery capable of sharply increasing production just as soon as wartime restrictions are lifted. Ore reserves contain well over $9,000,000 as so far developed.

•

Falconbridge Nickel Mines has completed installation of equipment designed to improve recovery of metal. The efficiency already established has shown an additional two lbs. of nickel and one lb. of copper being recovered from each ton of ore treated. On a plant capacity of 1,000,000 tons of ore annually this would represent a gain of well over $500,000 a year and very little added costs involved.

•

Chesterville Larder Lake has drawn a diamond drill core from 1600 ft. in depth which shows a width of 45 ft. of ore carrying over $9 to the ton. The indications are that the drill cut the deposit at right angles and thereby represents the true width. However, further drilling in due time will provide added information on which to base estimates. The orebody is in line with the strike of one of the main orebodies on the adjoining Kerr-Addison.

•

Hard Rock Gold Mines produced $305,842 during the first three months of 1943, compared with $301,278 in the preceding quarter.

•

Kerr-Addison produced $1,437,328 during the first quarter of 1943 compared with $1,440,653 in the preceding three months. Net profit is averaging approximately $200,000 per month.

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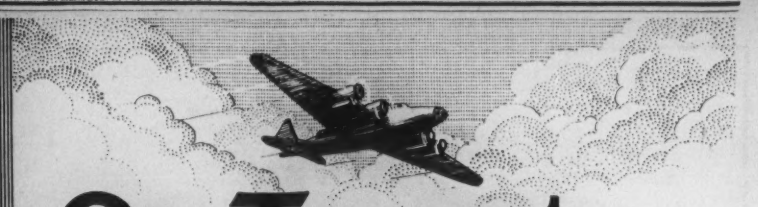
Hollinger Con. Gold Mines is milling around 3,500 tons of ore daily, compared with 5,000 tons per day early in the past year.



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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

HOWARD SMITH PAPER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have an explanation of why Howard Smith Paper Mills common is not higher on the market in view of the good earnings in the annual report.

—A. R. L., Moncton, N.B.

The main reason, I think, is that there seems to be little prospect of an early dividend on the common, despite the relatively good earnings you refer to. You may remember that a year ago the president said that common dividend action would be deferred until uncertainties facing the company were clarified. The 1942 report again showed substantial, though somewhat reduced, earnings on the common ($2.11 per share, plus 27 cents refundable tax) and another gain in net working capital after further debt reduction and major capital expenditures. But, on the whole, the present picture would hardly be described as "clarified". The report referred to such factors as (1) the continuing upward trend of costs exerting pressure against the fixed ceiling of domestic prices, (2) the concern of directors regarding the increasingly acute shortage of labor for woods operations as a threat to pulp wood supply, (3) uncertainty as to the cumulative effect of governmental controls upon the paper industry, and (4) the demands for higher wages at two of the company's mills.

You might note, however, that while common dividends have been retarded, large improvements and extensions to plant have been brought about in recent years. In the last five years alone, approximately $4,700,000 has been spent on additions to plant and equipment, while at the same time fixed debt has been reduced by $3,225,000 and net working capital increased by more than $2,630,000.

ONTARIO NICKEL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I hold 12,000 shares of Ontario Nickel Corporation and the price has shown a steady decline since last fall. When I bought I was given to understand that International Nickel would purchase the ore. There were options given to Mr. G. H. Johnston. Have you any information as to any outstanding options at the present time? Do you think the management is in capable hands and do you think the property has merit?

—P. D., Montreal, Que.

Ontario Nickel Corporation recently made satisfactory arrangements with International Nickel for the disposal of its output and shipments are expected to commence about the middle of June. The contract is for a minimum of 80 tons daily and the ore will be trucked to Garson and thence by freight to the smelter.

C. L. Hershman, consulting engineer, anticipates an operating profit of $6.29 per ton shipped. So far the major objective of the company has been the exploration and development of the No. 1 lens to production and he estimates positive and probable ore in this body at 85,000 tons, of which there is sufficient shipable ore to supply the minimum daily rate for over a year and a half.

As yet no work has been done below the 250-foot level all efforts having been directed to putting ore in sight for immediate shipment. The average grade of the ore is 2.02% nickel and .75% copper, but handsorting is expected to raise the grade to approximately 3 per cent. Revenue from production is to be used to finance further development. Drifting to the north of the No. 1 lens will be continued and diamond drill holes put down from the north drifts on the 250-foot horizon to thoroughly explore as the company engineer states . . . "the favorable zone and undoubtedly locate other commercial ore lenses." Drilling will also be done to the south.

The management is capable and the property has possibilities for further development.

Regarding the agreement with G. H. Johnston, I understand that following a recent directors' meeting, 545,000 shares are now still optioned to him at six cents per share. Of these 100,000 shares are to be paid for on or before May 1 and the balance to be taken down in blocks of 100,000 shares each 15 days commencing May 15.

G. TAMBLYN LTD.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some shares of G. Tamblyn Ltd. and am worrying about the company's outlook for earnings and profits in view of the decline in stocks of goods now evident in stores everywhere. A brief review of the Tamblyn company's earnings position would be appreciated.

—R. B. S., St. Catharines, Ont.

While it's true that stocks of civilian goods are decreasing everywhere, the drug store business does not seem to be affected as much as some others. Anyway, for the fourth consecutive year the business of G. Tamblyn Ltd. showed improvement and sales of $4,825,673 for the year 1942 were at a new peak in the company's history, representing an increase of $358,818 over the 1941 volume and a gain of $939,819 over the total for 1940. Part of the increase was absorbed by operating expense which was higher due chiefly to wage conditions but there was still a substantial increase in operating profit at $464,099 as compared with $370,942 the previous year so that although reserve for taxes was sharply higher at $222,811 as against $137,448, net income was at the best level reported by the company since the year 1931 at $143,027, equal after preferred dividends to $1.14 per share of common. The previous year net income was $130,684 and net per share of common $1.03. Since tax provision included the refundable portion of $18,435, net represented only retained net income and not the post-war refund which was equal to 16 cents per share common.

The vice-president, H. G. Browne pointed out that only during the last six months of 1942 were the company's profits subject to the full 100% Excess Profits Tax and that it must be borne in mind that in 1943 the whole year's profits will be so subject and earnings available for dividends will, therefore, be lower.

The company was able to strengthen its financial position in the latest year by its surplus cash earnings, as the common dividend was not increased from the 80-cent annual rate that has prevailed since 1937. Net working capital was $786,441 at the end of 1942 as compared with $715,933 one year earlier.

ROCKING THE BOAT

BONETAL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have several thousand shares of Bonetal Gold Mines which cost me around 60 cents a share over two years ago. Would you kindly enlighten me as to the present situation and prospects for the future?

—W. M. C., Stratford, Ont.

Bonetal Gold Mines has had its disappointments but is making enough profit from its production to keep up the search for new ore. The proposed exploratory campaign is to include deep diamond drilling from the fourth level. So far little is known

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By Order of the Board
B. C. GARDNER
General Manager.

Montreal, 20th April, 1943.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending May 31st, 1943, payable on the 1st day of June, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of April, 1943. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board,
R. G. MEECH,

Toronto, April 22nd, 1943.

of conditions below the present bottom floor at 500 feet. As the company has sufficient ore developed for about a year and a half's milling, earnings should be ample to carry out the program now planned, and officials are hopeful that deeper work will brighten the picture.

The unsettled labor situation, will, however, have a bearing on future operations. It was stated at the recent annual meeting that if it were not for the arrangement with Broulan Porcupine by which the ore is milled at cost, the Bonetal operation would have been forced to shut down.

COLUMBIERE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been advised to buy shares of Columbiere Mines and would like your opinion. I understand it is a lead-zinc property but know nothing of its ore resources, etc.

—W. E. J., Victoria, B.C.

Columbiere Mines has locational interest, adjoining Golden Manitou, now in production, and a consulting geologist reports the geological structure favorable for base metal occurrences. Considerable exploration and development will be necessary to determine its prospects and any deposits located would have to be substantial due to the comparatively low prices prevailing for base metals and the cost of bringing such a property into production.

Diamond drilling has been done in an endeavor to pick up paralleling and similar structure to that on the Golden Manitou property. Several shallow holes put down on a porphyry occurrence on the northeast section where earlier drilling has given one hole carrying high gold values, failed to confirm the extension of the gold values, but did duplicate the structure on the westerly extension. Additional drilling at the eastern boundary with a property controlled by Ventures, also failed to give gold or base metal values in the first seven or eight holes. I understand further exploration is planned.

ROLLAND PAPER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I see that Rolland Paper Company's earnings are down, and I would be glad if you would explain this divergence from the general experience of business in wartime. Your analysis of the company's operating and financial situation would be appreciated.

—F. H. D., Montreal, Que.

Higher costs of materials and labor were stated in the Rolland Paper Company's annual report to be factors contributing to the decline in its earnings in 1942, which saw operating profit reduced from $675,201 in 1941 to $604,486 and net profit from $175,541 to $164,803, the latter figure including $6,484 refundable portion of excess profits tax. The decline in net profit would be somewhat more abrupt if the 1941 figure were adjusted to give effect to the over-provision of taxes, amounting to $17,578, which was written back into surplus account this year.

After providing for the 6% preferred dividend, net on the common stock was equal to $1.24 in 1942, including 11 cents per share refundable portion of tax, as compared with the net of $1.43 reported for 1941, and with the 75 cents paid in dividends.

The somewhat reduced level of earnings in 1942 still permitted the company to effect a fairly substantial improvement in financial position. After reducing funded debt by $75,000, net working capital was increased by $124,163 to $1,131,352. Notable in this connection was the betterment in cash position, notwithstanding an increase in inventories from $747,924 to $981,835. Combined cash and investments of $178,233 exceeded the accrued tax liability by $91,659, as compared wtih a corresponding excess of $35,773 at the end of 1941. Orders on hand, said the president, indicate that the mills can be operated during 1943 at current levels, unless additional government restrictions applying to the industry or a scarcity of pulp necessitate a reduction in production. The company buys its pulp.

CENTRAL CADILLAC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Some time ago I heard that conditions at Central Cadillac were showing improvement but now there are reports about having to close down. Any definite information you can give me as to the outlook will be welcomed.

—L. F. B., Lachine, Que.

While Central Cadillac has been unable to meet expenses, ore developments have offered some encouragement and it was hoped the company would be able to overcome its difficulties. The struggle has been an uphill one, with the labor supply a serious handicap. In the annual report for 1942 recently issued, it is stated improvements expected from month to month have failed to materialize and it has been recommended that the property be closed down. Shortage of labor has prevented sufficient development work lately to provide adequate tonnage for future milling operations.

The company has no mill of its own and had the Thompson Cadillac mill under lease. Possession of this will have to be given up by the end of next June. Unless other arrangements can be made the company is expected to cease mining and milling operations in June or earlier. An operating loss of $30,606 was shown in the eight months ending December 31, 1942.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are now regarded by us as having entered a zone of distribution.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although action of the averages over the immediate future deserves careful study. See below.

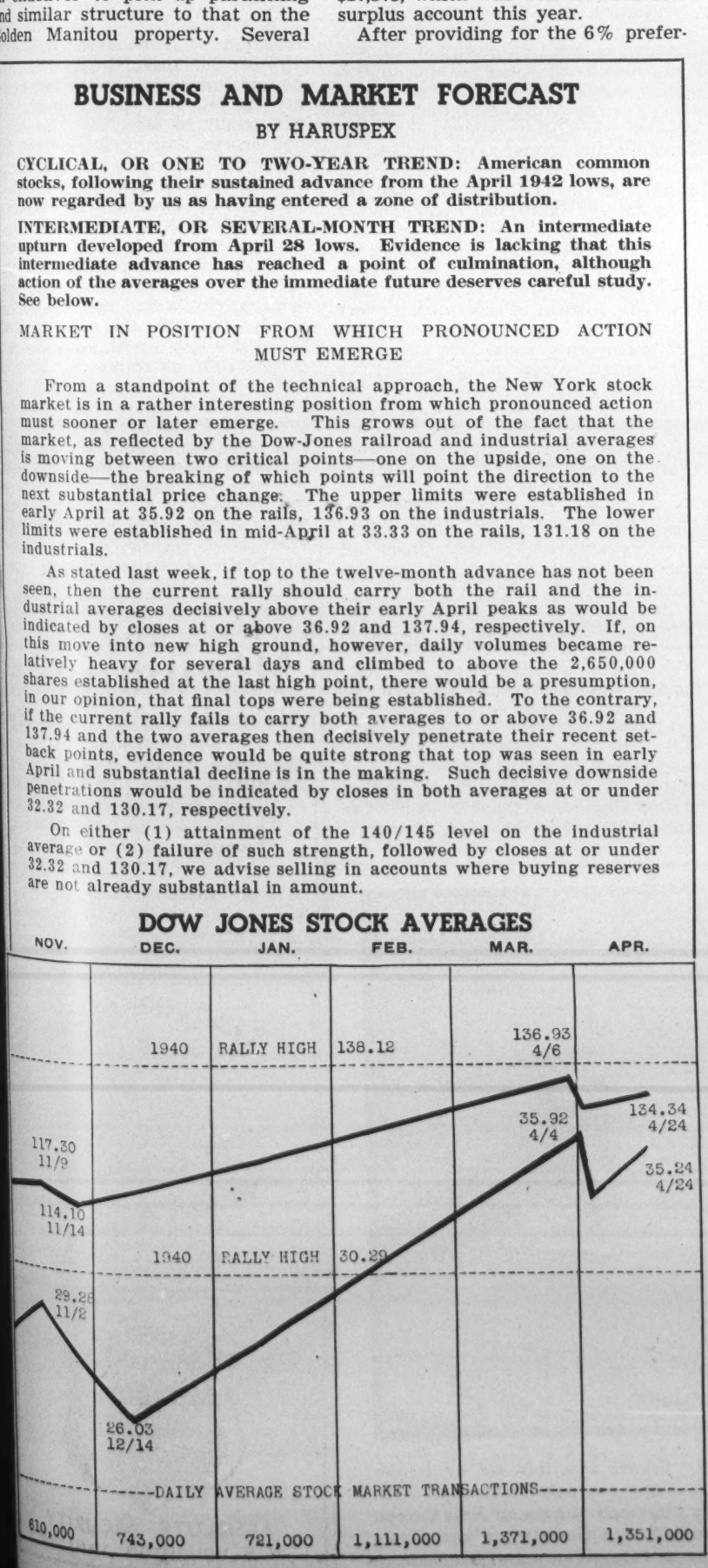
MARKET IN POSITION FROM WHICH PRONOUNCED ACTION MUST EMERGE

From a standpoint of the technical approach, the New York stock market is in a rather interesting position from which pronounced action must sooner or later emerge. This grows out of the fact that the market, as reflected by the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages is moving between two critical points—one on the upside, one on the downside—the breaking of which points will point the direction to the next substantial price change. The upper limits were established in early April at 35.92 on the rails, 136.93 on the industrials. The lower limits were established in mid-April at 33.33 on the rails, 131.18 on the industrials.

As stated last week, if top to the twelve-month advance has not been seen, then the current rally should carry both the rail and the industrial averages decisively above their early April peaks as would be indicated by closes at or above 36.92 and 137.94, respectively. If, on this move into new high ground, however, daily volumes became relatively heavy for several days and climbed to above the 2,650,000 shares established at the last high point, there would be a presumption, in our opinion, that final tops were being established. To the contrary, if the current rally fails to carry both averages to or above 36.92 and 137.94 and the two averages then decisively penetrate their recent setback points, evidence would be quite strong that top was seen in early April and substantial decline is in the making. Such decisive downside penetrations would be indicated by closes in both averages at or under 32.32 and 130.17, respectively.

On either (1) attainment of the 140/145 level on the industrial average or (2) failure of such strength, followed by closes at or under 32.32 and 130.17, we advise selling in accounts where buying reserves are not already substantial in amount.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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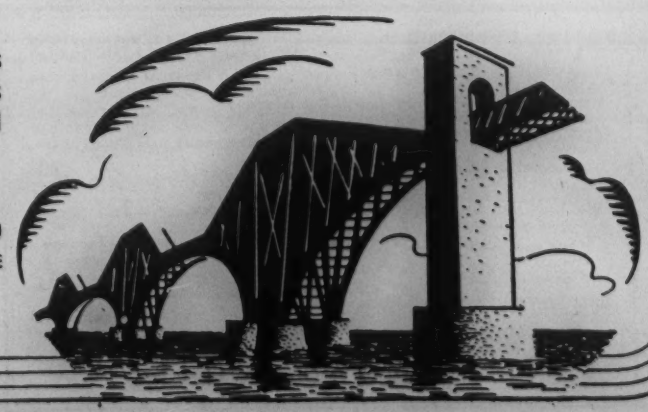

About Insurance

Prompt Claim Payments Build Goodwill

BY GEORGE GILBERT

As a consequence of the growing agitation in certain quarters for the socialization of various branches of insurance, the business is now faced with the proposition of demonstrating to the public that insurance can be best and most efficiently administered as a private enterprise and not as a government monopoly.

One of the ways in which public goodwill towards insurance as a private enterprise can be effectively built up is by seeing to it that every just claim under a policy is paid promptly and in full, while resisting payment of fraudulent claims, as payment of fraudulent claims increases the cost of insurance.

AS FAR as the buyers of policies are concerned, the main function of insurance companies is to pay them their claims without haggling or delay when presented for collection. Any known tendency on the part of these companies to hold up or contest payment of the amounts called for by their contracts is apt to turn public sentiment against them. Accordingly, the great majority of companies are very reluctant to take claims to court if there is a possibility of arriving at an amicable settlement, even though they may feel that they have a clear cut case in their favor.

As a rule, they realize that there is no better builder of goodwill for an insurance company than a well-earned reputation for prompt and fair claim settlements. In fact, no company can now expect to be permanently successful in the business which has a reputation for persistently contesting claims or delaying their payment. Of course, it is also true that no company could last very long if it allowed itself to be held up and robbed by dishonest claimants.

It may thus be stated that upon the prompt, equitable, fair and even liberal settlement of valid claims under its policies depends the growth and development of a company from the underwriting standpoint, while from the financial standpoint it is the duty of the company to resist payment of fraudulent claims, as payment of fraudulent claims increases the cost of insurance to the honest policyholders.

Compromise Settlements

In certain lines of insurance, such as accident and sickness, there is also what may be called a middle ground of compromise, where there is an honest difference of opinion as to the extent of liability, or where fraudulent intent is impossible of proof, and this is where the services of a diplomatic and tactful claims man are required. That is why wise company managers are selecting claims men who have pleasing personalities as well as a knowledge of the business, because they recognize that creating and maintaining public goodwill, or "good public relations," is now a major task confronting insurance as a private enterprise institution.

It must be remembered that the premiums charged for insurance are based upon the amount needed to pay the claims which experience has demonstrated are likely to arise under the risks assumed, plus the amount required to cover the cost of acquiring and caring for the business and for a margin of profit to those who have invested the necessary capital, where there is capital stock, and have taken the chances of the enterprise. Where the amount needed to pay claims is increased to any extent as a result of collection of claims by dishonest policyholders, the premiums charged all policyholders must be increased, if the company is to remain solvent and stay in business.

False Economy

At the same time, while it is true that every company, under war conditions is now forced to practice economy in many ways, it is undoubtedly the falsest kind of economy to try and save by paring down or holding back payments of valid claims, just as it is for a company to try to win favor by making compromise settlements of claims that are known to be highly questionable.

It has been pointed out before that from the buyer's standpoint an insurance company is only as good as the claims department at head office that is back of the agent in the field. Goodwill in the insurance business is something which is difficult to build but easy to destroy, and it is essential to the success of those who sell insurance that the companies they represent pay their claims promptly and in full.

Some of those who handle claims for insurance companies are inclined at times to overlook the fact that the policyholder is entitled to full protection and fair dealing as a matter of right, and is also entitled to the benefit of any doubt. It should be recognized that only by following such a course can public confidence be broadened not only in individual companies but in the institution of insurance itself.

As the great majority of claimants are honest people, companies should think twice before assuming a resistive attitude. This does not apply to those with claims which on their face are clearly without merit, but to those regarding which there may be honest differences of opinion. Policyholders may be mistaken as to their rights or as to the extent of the coverage under their contracts, but they must be handled with patience and courtesy and the situation carefully explained, so that their goodwill will not be needlessly sacrificed.

Old Time Restrictions

In the case of most companies at the present time claims of a routine type are paid promptly and without friction. It was not so in the early days before policies were standardized and red-ink variations of the statutory conditions were largely done away with — when insurance contracts were so cluttered up with restrictions of one kind and another that almost every claim was subject to question on some ground. Settlements were often delayed for many months and sometimes for years.

Such practices have almost entirely disappeared, as has also the custom of contesting payment of claims on purely technical grounds. As a rule, claims are now paid by all reputable companies as soon as the necessary proofs of loss are completed. Instead of scrutinizing every detail of the claim with the object of discovering some way in which the company can avoid liability, or at least force a compromise settlement, the practice of high-grade companies in every branch of insurance is to deal fairly with every claimant and to fulfill their contract obligations one hundred per cent. In consequence, they enjoy the confidence of their agents and policyholders who realize that under all circumstances they will receive fair treatment.

It is necessary, of course, that certain investigations must be made in connection with all claims in order to protect the funds of the companies against the machinations of dishonest claimants, because the cleverness of some people in manufacturing ostensible claims has been well-demonstrated in recent years, as witness the numerous exposures of arson rings and fake accident conspiracies, often involving lawyers, doctors, adjusters, subordinate insurance officials and agents, thus showing the need for taking every precaution to prevent the payment of fraudulent claims, which, if unchecked, would cause a serious drain on the resources of the companies and lead to an increase in the cost of insurance to the public.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I am at present insured with the Pacific Mutual Benefit Association of Vancouver, B.C., in the amount of $2,500. Friends inform me that it is a myth as payment relies solely on membership, and the amount paid is only what the membership will bring forth. It costs me approximately $30.00 a year. A representative of the Manufacturers Life Ins. Co. would like to sell me a policy for $5,000 which will cost me about $118 a year. In the event of death it provides an income of about $45 a month for my dependents, or it can be received in a lump sum. Would you suggest dropping the Pacific Mutual in favor of the Manufacturers Life, or what would you advise? I also carry a $1,000 policy, pay life, with the Sun Life, under certain conditions it will pay $2,500. I have only eight years to go on this, and intend keeping it in force. Is there a cash surrender value with the Pacific Mutual Benefit Association?

—M. E. A., Vernon, B.C.

As the Pacific Mutual Benefit Association of Vancouver, B.C., operates on the unsound and discredited postmortem assessment system, nothing but loss and disappointment can result in the long run in my opinion to anyone depending upon it for life insurance protection. Actuarial science long ago proved the fallacy and unsoundness of the assessment system as a basis upon which to predicate a life insurance undertaking, and the efflux of time has made the fact abundantly clear.

My advice would be to drop your certificate with this concern, and take out a policy with a regular legal reserve life insurance company, as such a policy will be cheaper in the long run and as you will also avoid future loss and disappointment. If you took the policy with the Manufacturers Life to which you refer you would be making no mistake, as this company is in a strong financial position and safe to insure with. There is no cash surrender value in the Pacific Mutual certificate.

After a recent night raid on London. Scenes like this are no longer confined to Britain's cities and towns. They are now commonplace in Germany. Last week witnessed greatly increased attacks on Axis Europe by Allied air forces, especially in northwestern Germany where plants making planes, tanks and submarine parts were given a real hammering.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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Question—What Is Money?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

There are two extremes of opinion about money. One holds that "pounds, shillings and pence have lost all meaning", the other that they are sacrosanct things which never change though everything else does.

Mr. Layton says that the first thing to examine when we hear that money is sacred, or that money is damned, is the extent to which the inflationary grip has already proceeded behind the scenes of wartime finance. Economically speaking, so similar are the effects of war on the victor and on the loser that what happened to Germany when she lost the last war should shine like a beacon guiding our policy.

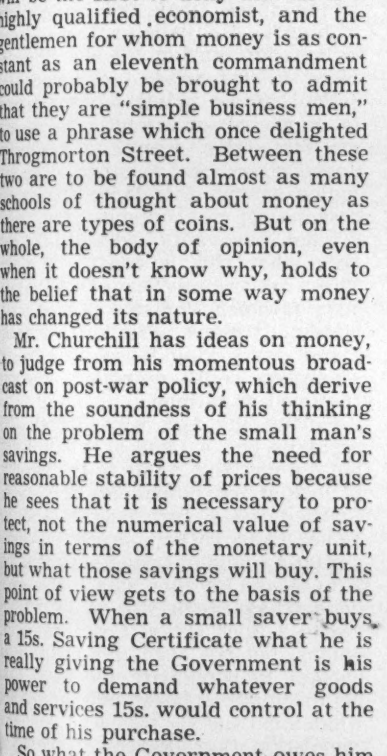
London.

WE HAVE been observing closely the curious divergencies of opinion in Westminster about what money really is. There are two extremes of opinion as to the nature of money. Mr. Arthur Greenwood believes that "pounds, shillings and pence have lost all meaning." At the other end of the scale are the diehards to whom pounds, shillings and pence are sacrosanct things which never change though everything else under the sun may. Mr. Greenwood will be the first to deny that he is a highly qualified economist, and the gentlemen for whom money is as constant as an eleventh commandment could probably be brought to admit that they are "simple business men," to use a phrase which once delighted Throgmorton Street. Between these two are to be found almost as many schools of thought about money as there are types of coins. But on the whole, the body of opinion, even when it doesn't know why, holds to the belief that in some way money has changed its nature.

Mr. Churchill has ideas on money, to judge from his momentous broadcast on post-war policy, which derive from the soundness of his thinking on the problem of the small man's savings. He argues the need for reasonable stability of prices because he sees that it is necessary to protect, not the numerical value of savings in terms of the monetary unit, but what those savings will buy. This point of view gets to the basis of the problem. When a small saver buys a 15s. Saving Certificate what he is really giving the Government is his power to demand whatever goods and services 15s. would control at the time of his purchase.

So what the Government owes him in return, apart from any question of interest, is the same volume of goods and services. If money were to "cheapen" in terms of the real thing, then when he got back his 15s. he might find that with it he could buy only half the number of cigarettes or neckties or pants that he could have bought with it when he diverted it into a Saving Certificate. Such a circumstance might well constitute a disturbance in his mind, and Mr. Churchill was right to draw attention to the need for a continuity of values.

It is not, however, as easy as all that. The value of money has during the war been pegged. What money will buy now it will buy because prices are, over a wide range, controlled. It would not buy so much bread if wheat were not subsidized, or potatoes if the farmer did not get £10 an acre for growing them, or clothes if there were no "utility" program. Equally, of course, money would buy more in the way of fur coats or secondhand motorcars if it were not for the great pressure of taxation on the former and the elevating influence of great shortage on both. The whole price set-up is unnatural, and when we speak of a continuity of values we have to consider to what extent it is possible to continue the circumstances in which alone values could be maintained around present levels.



"Now this is the way we'll do it." Britain's C-in-C in the Middle East, General Harold Alexander tells war correspondents about moves to come.

Money is a Measure

Money is a measure. If you were to put the sum total of available goods and services on one side of the scale and the sum total of available money in the other the balance would be momentary, for both the volume of money in circulation and the range of goods and services vary constantly. No change will be recorded in the purchasing power of money until the scales are put a long way out of true by the expansion or contraction at one or other ends.

Imagine, however, the position in which the end containing goods and services lost half its weight and the other end gained half its weight. Then, there would be a very serious unbalance, with the money side going down with a bang and the goods side going up like a rocket. That, if there had been no control of prices or of the availability of goods and services for consumption, is what would have happened during this war, and to some extent it *is* what has happened. It is true that the Government has controlled wisely and well in many respects, but however you rig the scales you do not alter the fundamental weights.

Ignoring the official indices of prices, and hazarding a conjecture as to when the war is likely to end, it is not unreasonable to guess that when the war is done the basic purchasing power of money, shorn of the many disguises with which Government policy has equipped it, will be in general at least a third less than it was at the beginning of 1939's eventful September.

Post-War Reservoir

And at that time there will be an enormous reservoir of money in the form of savings bonds and certificates and post office savings and inflated bank balances dammed up, not by any rigid structure, but solely by the sum total of individual wills not to spend.

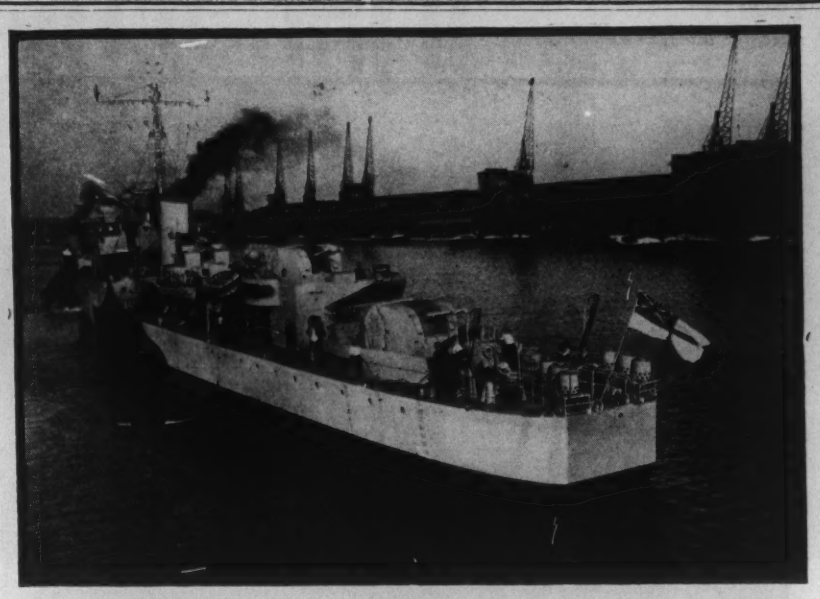
With peace comes the desire first, to celebrate, and, secondly, to build a new life, and both these are likely to change the direction of the wills. People who have denied themselves the pleasure of spending will desire to become acquainted with them again, and on a new scale of magnitude.

So during the war we have a greatly expanded volume of money and a greatly contracted total of things on which money can be spent. Money, in other words, today commands very much less than it did before the war. But still it commands more than it is prudent to expect that it will when the war is over, for then the tendency will be for a rush of money to circulate the country looking for things on which to expend itself.

An ironic city economist once defined inflation to me as what happens when a lot of people try to buy a lot of things that don't exist. The first thing to examine when we hear that money is sacred, or that money is damned, is the extent to which the inflationary grip has already proceeded behind the scenes of wartime finance, and the extent to which it will tighten when it becomes politically difficult if not impossible to maintain control over the financial and economic machinery.

There is here a problem of much greater magnitude than anyone in the House of Commons has yet appeared to comprehend. It can't happen here, but let us not forget that, economically speaking, so similar are the effects of war on the victor and on the loser that what happened to Germany when she lost the last war should shine like a beacon guiding our policy when we have won this war.

It would be interesting to know to what extent the problem of the post-war fight against inflation is under active consideration. The House of Commons will be accused at least of a serious lack of sense of proportion if it spends so much of its time on the Catering Bill and none of its time on pressing for a thorough examination of the potential inflationary danger, for while the former is important as affecting the welfare of the thousands in one industry the latter is a matter affecting most intimately this entire country.



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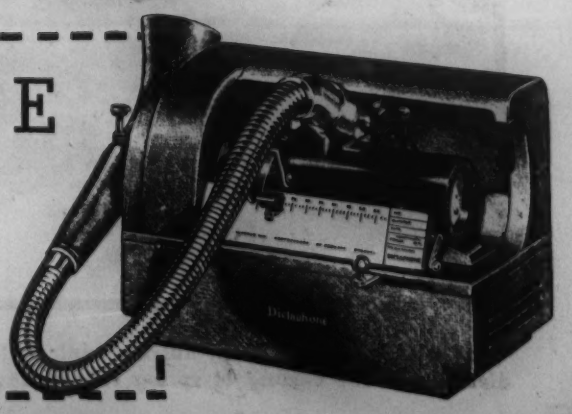

Last week while the Tunisian front shared most of the news spotlight with Allied air offensives over Axis-held Europe, activities in Russia were limited to almost static proportions. This week, however, there were signs that the promised new offensives by Hitler were about to begin. One such sign was seen when the Leningrad front flared into action, with the Germans launching a heavy attack. The Russians were first pushed into a village in the rear of their lines from which they counter attacked, restoring the situation and killing nearly a thousand of the enemy. Pictures here are among the latest received from the front and show (above) Cossacks leaving their mounts to assault . . .

. . . an enemy position in the Leningrad sector while infantrymen (above) move forward in support. Objective is a village occupied by Germans.

Here the end is in sight for the enemy: Russian forces, having ringed the village, now close in with grenades to drive them from the houses.

Victims of the unparalleled Russian winter offensive: German men who died before the coming of spring slowed down fighting on all fronts.

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

One Pint Per Person -- Perhaps

BY P. W. LUCE

LIQUOR has displaced the weather as a conversational gambit in this province.

Prohibitionists think it scandalous that men and women should stand in line for hours in the hope of buying a noggin of rum. Hearty drinkers curse volubly as they find the shelves empty when they finally get into the store. Shopkeepers complain the long queues interfere with business. Official vendors get splitting headaches trying to eke out their meagre supplies in a fair and equitable manner. Bootleggers are depressed because customers are clamoring for any kind of high potency liquid, and they have no stocks on hand to meet the unprecedented demand.

British Columbia's monthly ration of hard liquor works out at one pint per person. Ontario's is five quarts.

Beer is limited to a dozen pints a month. It is twice that in the eastern province.

And chances of getting either liquor or beer are mighty slim. When Premier King rationed supplies on the basis of quantities used in 1941 he failed to take into consideration the increase in population of the western province, and the greater demand for beer and spirits as a result of the big wages in shipyards and war industries. This has been called to his attention politely by officials, vigorously by "the trade", and sedulously by men high in the councils of his political party who gravely fear that a shortage of beer today means a shortage of votes at next election.

Mr. King remains unimpressed.

In an effort to get round the shortage, so many thirsty folk have got themselves doctors' prescriptions for brandy or whisky that one liquor store has been devoting all its time to this business, and to the taking of orders for delivery of beer. Prescription sales are running around $700 a day, and go as high as $1300 on Saturdays. In the heyday of prohibition, when prescriptions were a most profitable racket for down-at-heel physicians, sales reached $7000 a day, and liquor cost less than half what it does now.

No Bootleg Stocks

Though they would be glad to do their bit towards assuaging the thirst of despondent British Columbians, the bootleggers labor under the serious handicap of having no reserve stocks. They have to get their supplies from the government stores, often with borrowed permits. Their charges, as always, are predicated on what the traffic will bear. They sell beer at $6 a case, Scotch whisky at $14 a 26-ounce bottle, and rye at $12 a quart. Twelve cases of Scotch, high-jacked from a C.P.R. car at Mission, have been sold through black-market channels at $17.50 a bottle. The legitimate price is $4.

Up to now no synthetic gin or other bath-tub liquors have appeared on the market, and there has been no run on the drug stores for hair tonic or other lotions with an alcoholic base. "Canned heat", one of the curses of the dry era, is not available. Home-brewed beer can't be made because of the shortage of sugar.

What roils the man who likes his nip is the fact that there is no shortage of the stuff. The bond warehouses are crammed. The Westminster Brewery has had to build an addition to store the beer it can make but must not sell. Ten thousand cases of Scotch came in from the Old Country in March, and the local distilleries are reported to be shipping in carloads lots to Alaska and points south of the border.

By and large, the men who complain the loudest against existing conditions are the manual workers. They say there is nothing in beer which is essential to the war effort, and the restrictions are irksome, annoying, and wholly unnecessary. They speak bitterly of a one-glass-a-day limit in beer parlors which are closed a good deal of the time.

Indicative of the resentment caused by the lack of beer are the scores of signs chalked up in shipyards, aircraft factories, munitions plants, and other places. The signs boldly proclaim "No Beer, No Bonds", "We Can't Sweat Without Beer", and other slogans of this nature.

Efforts are being made to change the attitude of the malcontents, but with negligible results. Those in charge of the Victory Loan campaign feel they are going up against a hard obstacle on the beer issue. They are trying to convince the men that if they don't buy bonds the government won't have money to build ships and there will be no more big wages to be earned, but the men are in no mood to listen to logic.

"No Beer, No Bonds", they repeat, as if they meant it.

Gas Masks

Gas masks are not wanted by the public. There was for a time a clamorous demand, but that is a thing of the past. Only the imminence of attack by the Japanese is likely to revive an interest in respirators.

It took many months of protest and persuasion to convince the authorities at Ottawa that gas masks should be sent to this western province, but eventually this was done. Half a million ugly but efficient air filterers arrived and were promptly given much newspaper ballyhoo. Sixty thousand were set apart for ARP personnel, and the rest offered for sale at cost, $1.25 each.

Of the 440,000 fewer than 1000 have been bought.

The remaining 443,000 are considered dead stock.

A suggestion that masks be distributed free has been negatived by ARP Controllers. They point out, reasonably enough, that persons who will not invest a mere $1.25 in this protective instrument are hardly likely to take much care of it if they receive it as a gift. The tremendous wastage of gas masks in Britain by the civilian population certainly lends color to this argument.

Forty respirators have been issued to each of nine schools in North Vancouver, where they are used in gas drill by the children. No other schools have yet followed this example. Trustees and teachers do not see any immediate need for such drills, and incline to the belief that there are already enough distractions around the halls of learning.

A number of gas masks will be sealed in selected schools, to be issued should an emergency arise. The remainder will be distributed to various centres throughout the province and stored in rooms specially fitted with adequate safeguards against deterioration.

A very small number is held back for sales across the counter, in the unlikely event of a customer making his appearance.

Lack Skilled Workers

Coast logging operations are short approximately 4000 men this season. Such skilled men as riggers, buckers, fallers, and yarders are hard to find, and until these key men can be hired the more common labor cannot be used. An effort has been made to induce enlisted loggers to return to the woods on a three-months furlough so that sorely needed timber may be brought out, but the response has been negligible. The large number of woodsmen now in the shipyards mean to stay there at higher wages and shorter hours than prevail in the camps, even though they don't like the work overmuch.

Mine operators are also having trouble. Production dropped from 65,000 tons in January to 62,000 tons in February in the Vancouver Island collieries, largely due to absenteeism among the miners.

In some of the mines it is a common occurrence for insufficient men to turn up to operate the Saturday afternoon shift, and sometimes the same thing happens on Fridays. The men say it is not worth while working a full week under the taxation regulations of the federal government. They make almost as much for themselves out of five days' work as out of six, and they look upon the surtax and the compulsory savings as a penalty on the steady worker.

No. 10 Mine, in South Wellington, the only mine in Canada working three shifts, closes down when fewer than fifty per cent of a shift shows up.

A Nice Shark Steak

Captain Nelson Macdonald, of Victoria, has an idea that the meat shortage may be neutralized by the marketing of shark meat. He has been trying shark steak and recommends it highly. He believes there should be a ready market for shark, in the piece, filleted, smoked, or kippered.

The captain points out that shark is marketed successfully in several western states, even if it has never appeared on local counters. The prejudice against this large fish is unreasonable, he contends, for shark are not scavengers and will take bait only when this is fresh and clean. They are usually caught in about sixty fathoms, and seldom visit shoal water. If there was sufficient demand, shark could be sold for around seventeen cents a pound, cheaper than cod or salmon.

During the last war British Columbians had a taste of whale meat, but did not take kindly to the novelty. It looked too much like beef to be favored as a fish course, and its flavor was rather strong. Cosmopolitans who had tasted horsemeat in France and Belgium said that a well-done whale steak was to be preferred to a thick cut of Percheron with onions, but not even this praise was enough to popularize the new dish. No attempt has been made to market whalemeat during this war, and the suggestion that horsemeat may yet appear on butchers' stalls has aroused no enthusiasm in epicurean circles. One forward-looking storekeeper has announced that he will provide roasts of gelding and sirloins of stallion whenever there is a demand for these exotic cuts, but he is still waiting for his first order.

Point Roberts

Point Roberts wants to stay American territory. A recent unofficial poll showed only one citizen willing to become a Canadian citizen. That means no more will be heard of the proposal advocated by Len Shepherd, M.L.A. for Delta, who suggested in the House at Victoria that the tiny wattle of land should be annexed by the Dominion, or possibly leased for ninety-nine years.

Dangling below the forty-ninth parallel at the extreme tip of the mainland, Point Roberts is in an anomalous position. It is cut off from the rest of the United States, which can be reached only after a long circuitous journey over B.C. roads around the head of the bay, which is one of the finest fishing grounds on the coast. There are only 200 permanent residents on the 2500 acres, but the population swells to thousands when the summer campers swarm in. With rare exceptions the campers are Canadians.

Both governments maintain customs and immigration officials at the border to go through the farce of inspection, and holiday makers are subjected to irksome delays coming and going. The regulation that not more than $5 is to be taken into the United States is enforced, and this necessitates some fancy financing for a three months' stay, but it is managed somehow.